The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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American Treaty Rights in China

Last week, eight days after Secretary Hay had acknowledged the Russian Government's assurance of honorable intentions in the Chinese province of Manchuria, it was rumored that Russia had reoccupied the southern part of that province, had garrisoned the forts overlooking the Liaotung Gulf and had built others in the interior. It was also rumored that Russia had established a Consulate at Mukden (although she had objected to the establishment of an American Consulate there), had sent an army to occupy the Liao Valley, thus barring access to Mukden and to the interior of Manchuria save by very roundabout routes, and had occupied Tatungkau, a proposed treaty port. Closely following her disavowal of the reported demands made upon China, this action by Russia seemed incredible, and we are glad to learn that the Russian troops have now retired from the reoccupied places. Among the Powers having treaty rights in Manchuria, America stands chief; our trade interests with the principal Manchurian treaty port exceed those of any other country. Mr. Hay has repeatedly received through the Russian Ambassador at Washington assurances that Russia has no thought of attacking the principle of the open door; though to the last assurance of this kind, given week before last by the Russian Foreign Minister to Mr. McCormick, American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is added the important qualification, "as that principle is understood by the Imperial Government of Russia." Russia has occupied the province of Manchuria since the Boxer rebellion, as a guarantee for the security of a great railway which she has been constructing. Though that railway is now finished, it may still need police protection, and the large commercial interests which Russia has developed in Manchuria may need such protection. To establish and maintain this, however, it is not necessary to disregard by word or deed the historic and increasingly valuable rights of other nations. Russia has also repeatedly promised to evacuate Manchuria, but has always imposed some condition precedent to such evacuation. It is supposed that she excuses her slight temporary reoccupation of last week as an offset to the arrival of foreign war-ships in the Gulf of Liaotung, consequent upon the reported new demands upon China by Russia. At all events, we hope that the statement by the Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, may be justified by the facts: "When the whole truth is known, it will be found that Russia has not violated a single pledge made to any nation, nor does she intend to do so."

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England and the Persian Gulf

Last week in the House of Lords the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary, definitely notified the competing European Powers that any attempt on their part to establish a naval base or fortified port on the Persian Gulf might mean war with Great Britain. "I say without hesitation," he declared, "that we should regard this establishment as a very grave menace to British interests, and should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal." He affirmed that, so far as the navigation and fortification of the Gulf were concerned, Great Britain held a position different from that of the other Powers, because it was owing to British enterprise and expenditure of life and money that the Gulf was now open to the commerce of the world, and because the protection of the sea route to India necessitated British predominance in the Gulf. Week before last, in the House of

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Commons, Premier Balfour announced that his Government had decided not to participate in the Turko-German Bagdad railway scheme; the general impression was that the British Government would not sanction a railway which was expected by the Germans ultimately to reach Koweit on the Persian Gulf, owing to the strategic question involved. In their comment upon these notable declarations the London papers point out the analogy of the present proceeding to the American policy of Monroeism, the "Westminster Gazette," in particular, holding that the British motive—namely, the protection of the sea route to India—exactly corresponds with the motive of Americans in excluding European Powers from American waters because American territory would thereby be threatened. The London papers also point out the fact that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are but repeating one of the arguments used by Captain Mahan in a recent article in the "National Review." He declared that, as the Persian Gulf was to be one terminus of an interoceanic railway, this road must be considered both as a line of commercial communication and as having military significance. Great Britain and Russia are the two States most immediately and deeply concerned in this matter. Great Britain has charged herself with establishing order on and about the Gulf, and has actually maintained it there for several generations. To Great Britain, as Captain Mahan acutely points out, the question which now arises is one of the first importance, because of British security in India, the safety of the sea route to India, and the economic and commercial welfare of India, which politically can act only through the British Empire.

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Russia, Germany, and the Persian Gulf

In defense of Russian aggressions in Turkey, Persia, and in China, however, it must be admitted that water communication with foreign countries through ports of her own is the greatest need of the Czar's Empire. As compared with the China seas, where Russia now seems to have obtained a vast empire practically for nothing, she would not benefit so much commercially by access to the Persian Gulf; for in China Russia is much closer to the entire Pacific Ocean and especially to the American continent, and Australia is slightly nearer Port Arthur than to the Persian Gulf. The great advantage to Russia in an outlet on the Gulf would be in the nearer approach to India and Africa; but this benefit to Russia hardly presents to Great Britain enough of a motive towards the concession of a position not only so vital to British ascendency in India, but also to the British naval position throughout the Eastern Hemisphere, and to the Imperial tie between Great Britain and Australia. While it is true that the actual railway now building in Asia Minor with a prospective outlet on the Gulf is being financed by Germany, a country restlessly intent not only upon commercial but also upon territorial development, the ultimate foe to British interests, in our opinion, is the proposed Russian railway to the Gulf, not the German. For Germany has a necessary common interest with Great Britain in the Suez route to Asia; and since the trade of both depends upon its security, the two must, in the long run, work together. In another recent article Captain Mahan pointed out that, as the British power lies across and flanks every sea route by which Germany can reach the outer world, friendship with Great Britain is evidently a far cheaper and more efficacious way of helping Germany than any attempt to destroy British power; in other words, Great Britain's naval power is just as real a factor in the future of Germany throughout the world as every thinking American must recognize it to be in our own external policy. Sooner or later may it be recognized that the respective interests of America, England, Germany, and Japan have so much in common and so little not in common that friendly co-operation, no matter how unofficial, is as inevitable as it is desirable.

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Macedonia

Taking advantage of the revulsion of European feeling caused by the Bulgaro-Macedonian outrages in Salonika, the Turkish Government caused a wholesale arrest of Bulgarians throughout the Empire last week. It also closed all the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia by imprisoning the teachers, and arrested in Constantinople about sixty suspected

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Bulgarians, besides making numerous domiciliary visits. These included one to the residence of the Secretary of the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agency, whose papers were seized. The Porte also—and not unnaturally—addressed a vigorous note to the Bulgarian Government calling attention to the continued incursion of Bulgarian bands and to the importation of explosives into Macedonia. Because of what is described as its "offensive terms," the note was returned by the Bulgarian Government to the Ottoman Commissioners at Sofia. England, France, and Italy have informed the Porte that it would be held responsible for the injuries to the lives and property of their respective citizens by reason of the Salonika disaster. So far as is reported, the German Government has made no protest, which would indicate that two of that Government's policies coincide for the moment—(1) not to oppose Russia at Constantinople, but, (2) whenever questions with other European powers arise, to support Turkey; for Germany's purposes in Asia Minor would seem to be best realized by strengthening Turkey as a European power. The usual weekly list of conflicts between Bulgaro-Macedonians and Turks throughout Macedonia furnish another impressive indication that the Bulgarians, being of the same race and religion as the great majority of the Macedonians, naturally sympathize with them, and, as far as possible, share in their effort to be free from Turkish domination. Writing to The Outlook on this subject, a missionary who has just returned from the Balkans declares that "there never can be peace in Macedonia so long as Turkey holds sway. Discontent and disquiet in that province have been greater year by year until they have culminated in the present serious condition."

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The Irish Land Bill

Last week the Irish Land Bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons by the remarkable majority of 443 votes to 26. It is not surprising that the huge majority of 417 should be hailed by the Gladstonian Liberal newspapers in London, not only as a notable historical event, but also as "a great conversion" to Mr. Gladstone's impressive declaration in Parliament: "The ebbing tide is with you and the flowing tide is with us." Quite another light, however, was thrown on the matter by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in closing the debate before the vote. He made light of what he called the "bogey of Home Rule," showing that his bill followed Gladstonian traditions only so far as land was concerned. Mr. Wyndham proved again how baseless was the fear of a general repudiation of Irish obligations. He declared that the best security was the unanimous desire of the whole people for a peasant proprietary, but he added that the present cash security was ample and that past records of land purchase transactions showed hardly any risk to the State. The vote on the bill is not so surprising in view of the speech of Mr. John Morley, the Liberal leader, who, after declaring the measure to be a revolutionary extension of the land purchase system, and saying that he had never known a bill that could be so riddled with objections, concluded that, though its remedies were abnormal, it was a creature of social necessity; therefore he would support it. The Irish members, while criticising some details of the bill, defended it, feeling, in the words of Mr. O'Connor, that "the House must now choose between a great measure of land purchase and chaos." An analysis of the vote shows that all the Nationalists, the main body of the Ministerialists, and almost all the Liberals voted with the majority. Such a vote gives abundant ground for hope that a new era of peace and good will has dawned for Ireland.

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Mr. Carnegie on Employees as Partners

Mr. Carnegie's speech in London last week as the newly elected President of the Iron and Steel Institute was of profound interest. After expressing the wish that international hostilities held as small a place in the realm of politics as in the realms of science and invention, Mr. Carnegie proceeded to review his own business life and explain the secret of his success in securing the effective co-operation of so large a force of subordinates. In a word, Mr. Carnegie attributed it to his policy of making the heads of every department partners in his business. In this, he

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says, he was aided by the fact that his manufacturing company was a partnership and not a corporation with stock listed on the exchanges. The men holding responsible positions were allotted a certain interest in the business at a price representing only capital actually invested —no charge being made for the value of the good will of the concern. The shares thus allotted were gradually paid for out of the surplus profits of the business—the subordinate partners receiving only their salaries until the payments were complete. Even then the partners were not allowed to transfer their interests to absentee investors, but must sell to their associates at cost price if they retired from the concern. In this way the Carnegie company was always in the hands of men vitally interested in its success. The limitation of the plan was that it did not extend to the manual workers. Among them, too, Mr. Carnegie believed that its principle would have given new life to the work in every department; but the hazards of the business, the doubts that would arise in the minds of poor men not in intimate touch with the management, and the inability of wage-earners to bear losses, had led the company to promote home ownership among them by a liberal savings bank system instead of factory ownership through profit-sharing. Nevertheless, continued Mr. Carnegie, the effective co-operation of capital and labor is not secured until, as in the old fishing vessels, crews of partners take the place of crews of employees. The United States Steel Corporation had taken a further step forward through its plan of enrolling its employees as stockholders. This plan Mr. Carnegie praised as a singularly enlightened one, full of promise for the future, but at present handicapped by the fact that the shares of the wage-earners—as well as all others—were open to sale on the exchanges, and were liable to occasion loss to the investors. Upon this point Mr. Carnegie said:

> The workman whose thoughts are upon the speculative surprises of the Exchange will not prove desirable. Speculation is the parasite of business, feeding upon values, creating none, and is wholly incompatible with the satisfactory performance of other regular work requiring constant care and caution. The workman's investment should never be at risk, for if his thoughts are upon the Stock Exchange they cannot be upon the machinery, and machinery, like art, is a jealous mistress, brooking no rival claimant to its absorbing demands. In the interest of the employer, therefore, as well as that of the workman, the savings of the latter should be secure; here, as in other respects, their interest is mutual, and hence I believe the needed change will be made by the Steel Corporation in the near future.

Mr. Carnegie did not further outline the change he would commend in the Steel Corporation's plan, but it would appear that if workingmen stockholders received their shares at a special price—instead, perhaps, of receiving double interest as now—and if the Company bought back their shares at cost price when they passed out of its employment, Mr. Carnegie's criticisms would be met. The workingmen would no longer have their attention turned to stock speculation, and would be secured against loss. They would thus have, in proportion to their holdings, the privileges of the partners in the old Carnegie company.

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Labor Troubles in New York

While May Day passed without any marked increase in the number of industrial conflicts, it was partly because the usual spring upheaval had begun before the usual date, and still more because the demands of the unions were generally granted. In New York City the concessions made to the skilled workmen in the building trades bring the level of wages nearly thirty per cent. above that prevailing six years ago. Carpenters, for example, are now getting $4.50 a day, and masons $5.60. Similar advances, though not to such high figures, are being made in most of the smaller cities—the New York unions themselves making a difference of half a dollar a day in favor of the suburban boroughs where rents are lower. In New York the industrial conflicts which now disturb building operations spring from the quarrels of different unions in the carpenter's trade, and from the entrance of unionism among the unskilled trades. The carpenters' quarrel—between the "Amalgamated" and the "Brotherhood"—is as complicated as the dynastic struggles in mediæval history, and almost as distressing to the suffering public, which cannot understand what it is all about. Apparently the "Amalgamated" has the better mechanics, and has been getting the pick of the work.

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The "Brotherhood," which is the larger order, has in sheer jealousy attempted to force the smaller order to give up its organization and become an integral part of the "Brotherhood." To this end the "Brotherhood" refused to allow its members to work alongside of the "Amalgamated" men. The other building trades unions, however, sided with the "Amalgamated," which seems to be winning the contest. More serious in its results has been the attempt to unionize the yards of building material dealers. The dealers, seeing that this step would bring the entire industry under the control of the Building Trades Council, locked out their workmen, and unitedly resolved not to open their yards except upon the condition that they should be free to employ non-union as well as union drivers. The Mason Builders' Association has supported the dealers in this action, and agreed not to buy of any building material dealer who does not stand with his association in the present conflict. Thus the boycott becomes a two-edged sword.

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Labor Troubles in the West

In Omaha, Nebraska, the organization of a general employers' association—upon substantially the lines recommended by President Parry at the recent manufacturers' convention in New Orleans—has not sufficed to check the strike of the union team drivers, which has in a large degree prostrated industry in that city. Last week Judge Munger, of the United States District Court, took a hand in the conflict by enjoining the union not only against committing many enumerated illegal acts, but also against almost every form of picketing, and even against continuing to maintain their organization. This injunction, issued by a Federal court on the ground that drivers at Omaha took part in inter-State commerce, seemed at first to take the whole matter from the jurisdiction of the State and local authorities, and added materially to the bitterness of the struggle. Subsequently, however, Judge Munger withdrew that portion of his injunction which seemed to forbid any activity on the part of the union. This extreme injunction was provoked by the extreme demand of the teamsters' union that employers should permit its members to boycott non-union firms; but provocation is not justification, and the evils of industrial warfare to both parties are only increased by the use of extra-legal methods on either side to coerce the other. Just at present the full employment of labor everywhere tempts the unions to make arbitrary demands, but their excesses are sure in the near future to react against them. Already at Chicago the unions show signs of perceiving that they are carrying their demands too far, and the two hundred and fifty-two labor unions belonging to the Chicago Federation of Labor have voted (250 to 2) that hereafter no one of them may order a strike without submitting its grievance to the executive board of the Federation and letting that body attempt to secure a peaceful settlement. From all this confusion worse confounded we see no hope of permanent relief except that change of spirit suggested by President Hadley in a recent address in New Haven: "We need something more than contracts between companies and operatives, or conspiracy laws, or municipalization of industry. We must get back to the conception of some higher motive than self-interest, and some better measure of value than self-aggrandizement."

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Signs of Progress in Minneapolis and St. Louis

Two incidents of last week are to be counted among the indications that even in the most corrupt of cities the sense of decency and honor, when it does find expression, is finally the prevailing element in public opinion. One of these incidents was the conviction of Dr. Albert Alonzo Ames, formerly Mayor of Minneapolis, who was charged with accepting, while holding office, bribes from houses of ill fame. The story of the partnership between the city government and the criminals, as it was told in "McClure's Magazine" by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, was reported to our readers in The Outlook for January 10. The arrest of the chief corruptionist, after his flight from the city to a hiding-place in New Hampshire, his trial, and now his conviction, have been as truly blows for the preservation of American liberty as any battles could be. The only defense this man's counsel could present was the plea of insanity, and it did not avail. The case will probably be appealed. The other incident of

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last week which promises well for civic righteousness in American cities was the honor paid to Circuit Attorney J. W. Folk, of St. Louis, who has brought sixteen men to trial for corruption and secured fifteen convictions. A committee of citizens offered to him the gift of a house to be purchased with a fund of $15,000 subscribed by a hundred business men of St. Louis, as an expression of their admiration for his services as public prosecutor. Mr. Folk expressed his appreciation of the offer, but promptly and positively declined it. He is reported to have said, "Your action satisfies me that what I am doing in an official way is with the approval of the best citizens of this community, and that is reward enough." There is no doubt whatever that the most substantial business men of St. Louis, as well as the great majority of the people, are supporters of Mr. Folk in his very quiet but very courageous and effective measures for punishing political corruptors. He is opposed, of course, by some men of high social standing because of their own part in the bribery of office-holders; but even their opposition has not prevented many of the machine politicians from giving him at least outward support. So far the issue has not really been presented to the voters; the political leaders have managed to make up their party tickets and prepare their party platforms so that the issue between clean and unclean city government was avoided. Only in two or three cases have men been elected to the House of Delegates (the lower house of the city legislative body) distinctively as supporters of "New St. Louis." In these few cases, however, and in one of them notably, party lines were broken over. Contrary to reports which were first widely circulated, Mr. Folk, as we have heretofore pointed out, indorsed no candidate and repudiated none. He has kept silently at the work he has undertaken to do, and has left the people to do their own choosing. It has been this unobtrusive but effectual course on the part of the Circuit Attorney that has done more than anything else to create in St. Louis a feeling of confidence that there is really to be a "New St. Louis," and that honesty is a practicable thing in city government.

A Groundless Accusation An illustration of Josh Billings's saying, "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that are not so," has been recently afforded by two journals of National reputation, to which their readers are accustomed, justly, to look for painstaking endeavor to report the news fairly, although the news may not confirm their political principles or may even jar their political prejudices. First the New York "Evening Post," then the Springfield "Republican" following the "Evening Post," brought the charge against General Wood of having co-operated with a Lieutenant Runcie in the preparation of an article for the "North American Review" against General Wood's predecessor in Cuba, General Brooke, and having afterwards, at the command of the War Department, called Lieutenant Runcie publicly to account for so gross a breach of discipline, and as a penalty removed the Lieutenant from several commissions and offices in which he was engaged. Such incredible baseness, if it could be believed of a man who had always borne an honorable reputation, would have been quite sufficient to deserve expulsion from the army and social excommunication in private life. And these charges were preferred against General Wood without giving him a hearing, when he was out of the country and could not be heard in his own defense, and as part of a very evident endeavor, instigated we know not why nor by whom, to disgrace him before the public. The charge was so definite and specific that General Wood's friends were able to demand proof; and, as a result of this demand, the "Evening Post" made further inquiries into the truth of the accusation to which it had given such currency, and satisfied itself that the charge is wholly groundless. "We accordingly," it says, "withdraw the charge unqualifiedly, with sincere apologies to General Wood. It is not necessary to add that our Havana correspondent ceases to be such with this date." The Springfield "Republican," which had given editorial sanction and added currency to the "Evening Post's" original charge, makes honorable haste to give equal sanction and currency to the withdrawal, and to add: "Our old confidence in his honor returns in full

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force now that this matter has been satisfactorily cleared up." We cannot agree that it has been "satisfactorily cleared up." For a telegram is published in the New York "Tribune" of Monday morning of the present week, dated Havana, stating that "the New York 'Evening Post' correspondent denies that he ever sent from here the alleged libelous Runcie-Wood article that paper printed as a special from Havana." It appears, therefore, in this case that there has been not only a liar but a forger at work. One would like to know what motive of malice has been the inspiration of this fraud, falsehood, and forgery. It appears to us that it is now in order for the New York "Evening Post" to employ some detective to find out what the source of this villainy is, a villainy which might have accomplished more if the liar and forger had not chosen as the medium for circulating his groundless libel a journal quick to give the story a denial as soon as its falsehood was discovered. The most searching criticism of political policies and public conduct is always in order; and it becomes necessary at times, as part of the duty of independent newspapers, to make personal charges against public officials. But such charges ought never to be made unless definite proof is in hand with which to substantiate them. The reputation of a man like General Wood is part of the moral capital of the country; to belittle such a reputation without good cause is to diminish that capital and is a very serious offense against the public welfare.

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The Red Cross Controversy

At a meeting held in the city of New York on the 6th of April last, the Executive Committee of the American National Red Cross, through its Chairman, W. P. Phillips, suspended "from membership and all privileges of membership" General John M. Wilson, John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State; Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy; Rear-Admiral Ramsey, Rear-Admiral Van Reypen, William H. Michael, Chief Clerk of the State Department; Mrs. Cowles, sister of President Roosevelt; Miss Mabel T. Boardman, and fifteen other incorporators and members, upon the charge that, in a letter to the President of the United States and in a memorial subsequently sent to the United States Senate, they had assumed an attitude that was "unbecoming" as well as "hostile to the interests of the Red Cross," and had "attempted to disrupt the organization." Lately the suspended members sent to Mr. Phillips the following reply: "The undersigned members of the American National Red Cross, in answer to your notification of their suspension, deny your power or authority to suspend them." In a statement to the public, made at the time this reply was sent, the suspended members allege that the new by-laws, under which the Executive Committee assumed to act, were improperly and illegally adopted; that they are inconsistent with, if not directly in violation of, the charter granted to the Red Cross by Congress; and that, if legally adopted, their effect would be to confer autocratic power upon the President, and virtually to deprive the incorporators and members generally of the control that they have a right to exercise over the organization and its officers. They assert, furthermore, that under the by-laws thus adopted the President may be, and has been, elected for life; that in the event of her illness or absence she may delegate her supreme authority to any person whom she may choose to select; that, with the sanction of two members—or even a single member—of the Executive Committee, she may suspend hostile or obnoxious incorporators at her own discretion; and that "the extraordinary powers now possessed by three persons—or it may be by two—can never be taken away from them without their consent, or the consent of the President," whose term of office has been made perpetual. In conclusion, they declare that unless such methods "are abandoned, the society cannot retain public confidence, which is essential to its success. By-laws so extraordinary and so adopted," they say, "should not be submitted to without protest, nor should they continue in force without being brought to the knowledge of the great public for whom this society exists and by whom it is supported."

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Past and Future of the Red Cross

The Red Cross, in the United States, is the creation of Miss Barton. It was mainly through her influence and persistent agitation that the Government

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of the United States became a party to the Geneva treaty; she organized at the city of Washington in 1881 the first American Red Cross society; and she controlled its operations and directed its activity throughout a long series of campaigns, beginning with the Michigan forest fires in 1881 and ending with the Galveston disaster in 1900. That the practical results of her administration and of Red Cross work in these years were beneficent there can be no reasonable doubt. Large sums of money, contributed by the public, were usefully expended; human suffering was alleviated on many widely separated fields; and thousands of persons were helped to get on their feet after they had been stricken down by catastrophes of nature or the operations of war. The first question that was raised with regard to the administration of Red Cross affairs had its origin in what were alleged to be loose and unbusinesslike methods in the matter of keeping accounts. The society, it was said, failed to make and publish properly audited statements of its receipts and disbursements. As long ago as the beginning of the Spanish War, a number of business men in New York, who desired to co-operate in Red Cross work, offered to give the organization all the money they should contribute or collect, if Miss Barton would allow them to send a representative to Cuba to supervise expenditures and audit accounts. Miss Barton declined to accept this proposition, and the business men organized what was afterward known as the New York Red Cross Auxiliary, which controlled its own expenditures and at the end of the campaign published a detailed statement of its receipts and disbursements. At that time and subsequently it was suggested, in as delicate a manner as possible, that the best interests of the Red Cross would be promoted if Miss Barton, who was nearly eighty years of age, would consent to retire from the active management of the society, holding the position of honorary president for life, but allowing some capable business man (the late Colonel Waring was suggested) to direct and control the society's work and manage its finances. It is said that Miss Barton at one time consented to this arrangement, but subsequently changed her mind, obtained a charter from Congress, and reorganized the society. Complaints, which were soon afterward made by some of the newly elected members, with regard to the accounts, vouchers, and financial management of the Galveston campaign, led to internal friction, and Miss Barton and her friends, fearing, apparently, that an attempt would be made by the "Washington faction" to oust them from control, adopted, without previous notice to the members, an entirely new set of by-laws intended to increase and consolidate their power; elected Miss Barton president for life with practically supreme authority; and finally suspended all the malcontents who disapproved and protested against such action. The suspended Washington members are all well known to the American people, many of them have occupied high official positions, and it is not to be assumed, without conclusive proof, that they desire to "disrupt" the Red Cross, or that, in protesting against certain administrative methods, they are actuated by improper or unworthy motives. If, as Mr. Phillips contends, they are only a factional minority, bent on rule or ruin, the Executive Committee would run no risk in calling a general meeting of the society and turning over to it the duty of disciplining them for their "hostility to its interests" and their general "unbecomingness" of attitude.

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Two Pleas for Negro Rights in Mississippi

In Mississippi—where the negroes were practically disfranchised by the new Constitution of 1890—a spirited contest is now going on over the civil and educational rights of the race. The attack upon their civil rights is being made by sporadic mobs of Whitecaps, who by brute force, in defiance of law, have driven the negroes out of many localities. The attack upon their educational rights is being made in a political campaign to secure the nomination of a Democratic candidate for Governor who demands a division of the school fund, so that the schools of the negroes shall no longer be aided by the taxes of the whites. A Mississippi correspondent writes us that both of these attacks are condemned by a majority of the white people of the State, though, for various local reasons, Major Vardaman, the gubernatorial candidate demanding a division of the school fund, may secure

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the Democratic nomination. As expressive of the sentiment of the better class of whites toward the Whitecap depredations, our correspondent sends us the statement made last week by Judge Powell, of the Lincoln Circuit Court, in addressing the Grand Jury. After condemning the "destruction of all legal government and the enthronement of naked brute force as the governing power in the community," Judge Powell concluded as follows:

> I confess, gentlemen, I can't understand this foolish hostility to the negro. He is here without his consent, and here undoubtedly he must remain in large numbers. He has been eliminated by our Constitution and laws from all political control. He asks not for social recognition. He only asks the poor privilege of working for his daily bread in peace and to indulge the hope that the coming years may bring something better to his posterity. We of the white race have all the offices of power, from Governor to constable, and the negro is simply the creature of our mercy. It strikes me that for us to oppress where we should protect, to debase where we might lift up, is unmanly and unworthy of the proud race to which we belong. Stand by the nobler traditions of your race, and let it be understood once and for all in Lincoln County that no man or set of men are so powerful that the strong arm of the law cannot reach them, or so lowly that the broad shield of the law cannot protect them.

Still more significant of the attitude of the more humane whites toward the anti-negro movements is our correspondent's inclosure of an editorial from a paper edited by a negro, satirizing the professions of friendship for his race made by those who would deny it equal educational rights. "The black men," says this negro editor, "cannot understand the friendship that abuses them on the hustings as unfit for citizenship because they are benighted with ignorance, at the same time attempting to take from them the lamp of opportunity that was given to light their way to intelligence." The white people of Mississippi cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to such appeals for fair play. The good name of their race and of their Commonwealth forbids.

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Another Advance for the Torrens System

Illinois, the first State in the Union to make provision for the voluntary registration and transfer of land titles by the Torrens or Australian system, has now taken another step in advance by passing a law designed to make the operation of the system compulsory. The Torrens system, it will be recalled, provides for the public registration of titles, so that the land thereafter may be transferred without any re-searching of titles, by simply recording the transfer in the registry. The Illinois law passed in 1897 applies only to such counties as may adopt it by referendum vote. The majority in favor of adoption in Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, was very large. Although the operation of the Torrens system has met with general approval, the number of registrations under it have been comparatively small. One reason is that under the Illinois law it takes two years to complete the public registration of the title, and some landowners fear that during this transition period the chances of sale may be injured. Last fall the real estate men who had been instrumental in securing the passage of the law started an agitation for its amendment so as to require all land while going through probate court to be registered under the Torrens system. It was argued that land while going through probate was tied up for about two years under any system. The Real Estate Board at a first and again at a second meeting voted approval to this project, but at a third meeting at which proxies were allowed the vote was 97 for the proposition to 118 against it. The charge was made that many of the opposition proxies were brought out by the Chicago Title and Trust Company, which actively fought the progress of the bill at all stages. After this defeat in the Real Estate Board, the men who had begun the agitation formed a new organization for carrying it on. They have succeeded in getting the measure approved by both branches of the Legislature. A veto is not anticipated. This amendatory measure, like the original law, is not to go into effect in any county until approved by popular vote. It will be submitted to a referendum in Cook County at the fall election of 1904. The chief argument made by the opponents of the bill was that the heirs of a landowner ought not to be obliged to do with a piece of land something that the owner himself did not choose to do in his lifetime. The answer of the friends of the measure was that the general adoption of the Torrens system

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would be a good thing for the community, and that the most convenient time to require registration was while the land was going through probate. It is estimated that this law will bring all land in the county that adopts it under the Torrens system in about thirty-five years. There is little doubt that Cook County will adopt the law when voted on, for the Torrens system is popular with the voters of that community. Since the Torrens system first went into operation in Illinois, laws establishing similar systems have been enacted by Massachusetts, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Minnesota. Probably in due time other States will follow the latest move of Illinois in this respect and make the use of the Torrens system of registering and transferring land titles compulsory.

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Mayor Johnson's New Plans

The new Code for Ohio cities adopted at the special session of the Legislature last winter became operative May 4. On this occasion an entire change of government took place in every city in the State, and in lieu of the previous chaos of administrative methods a uniform method was provided under a compromise system. In Cleveland, power heretofore lodged in the Mayor under the centralized system of the federal plan is now distributed among a half-dozen officials elected by the people, while control over contracts, purchases,and public work generally is confusingly divided between the Council and the Board of Public Service. It was believed that this plan would so destroy the individual power of Mayor Johnson as to render ineffectual his attempts to equalize taxation, introduce competition in street railway service, and carry out other projects of a radical nature. A natural nemesis followed this attempt to override the local wishes of the people of Cleveland, and the entire Democratic ticket was returned by a large majority, all of Mr. Johnson's friends being elected. The first act of the new administration was the introduction of preliminary plans for a three-cent-fare street railroad on eleven different street routes. Ordinances will shortly be introduced providing for bids, and within a few weeks' time it is predicted that proposals will be before the Council for the construction of railroads to be operated on a three-cent-fare basis. The new administration also submitted a report to the Council for the construction of a municipal electric lighting plant, not only for public purposes, but to supply light and power for commercial purposes as well. The report is based upon an investigation made by C. E. Phelps, Jr., an electrical engineer of Baltimore. His estimate involved an expenditure for plant construction of $375,000. Upon this basis, the cost of arc lamps for street lighting, inclusive of all fixed charges and depreciation, is $54 per annum, as against $75 now paid by the city to a private company; while the cost of power at the station is placed at one cent per kilowatt hour. The report further states that, adding interest at four per cent. and a sinking fund provision of three per cent., light and power can be supplied to private consumers at three cents or four cents per kilowatt hour, or less than half the usual rate. The Mayor's message to the Council covered a full discussion of home rule for cities, the necessity for a readjustment of taxation so that the public service corporations should be taxed upon their franchise value, and the construction of new and competing street railway lines and an electric lighting plant, the latter to be conducted by the city upon a civil service reform basis.

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Meeting-Rooms for the People

Three plans are proposed in New York City, not inconsistent, not rival, but legitimately co-operative, for the purpose of securing gathering-places in the poorer quarters of the city for the people of moderate means. The first of these, which, if carried out, is the largest in its scope and the most comprehensive in its promise, is the building of an assembly hall for lectures, concerts, and other gatherings in connection with every new school building in the city. The lecture courses already being given under Dr. Leipziger have proved a great instrumentality for adult education, and incidentally for neighborhood fellowship, and have gone far to show that the school-house could be made, with proper architectural provision, a social center. The second

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plan is that of the Social Halls Association, incorporated under the laws of New York. This Association has under construction a five-story and basement fireproof building for recreation and entertainment purposes, upon a plot near the terminus of the new East River Bridge. When completed it is to contain two restaurants, in one of which men can smoke, halls for dancing, etc., lodge and club rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, roof garden, baths, etc., and is to be so administered as to pay not only the expenses of the administration, but a fair interest on the investment. The total amount needed is estimated at less than two hundred thousand dollars, of which about one-half is already subscribed. The third plan is that of a People's Palace, to serve as a home for the People's Institute, which by its six years' experience in the use of rented rooms at Cooper Union has already demonstrated a public demand for the work it is doing. The plan includes a large hall with organ and stage, to be used for popular lectures, public addresses and discussions on problems of the day, symphony and other concerts, presentation of great dramas either enacted or by recitation, and Sunday evening religious and ethical addresses. In addition to the large hall, the plans would contain smaller halls, class-rooms, roof garden, a gallery for art exhibitions, a reading-room, etc. A public meeting was held last Sunday night at Cooper Union, at which a number of men known for their public-spiritedness spoke in support of the scheme. Professor Charles Sprague Smith, to whose energy and practical wisdom the success of the People's Institute is due, and who has initiated this movement, is proceeding in the right direction in insisting that the people to be served shall make the first contributions toward the necessary fund for the erection of this building. There are two very good reasons for this: first, that it is necessary to know how much the people for whom this building is supposed to be constructed really want it, and, secondly, because few money-makers will be prepared to contribute to the erection of such a building until there is a financial demonstration that it is really wanted and will be used by the people for whom it is to be erected. We hope for all three of these plans great success. All three of them would not, in our judgment, furnish too great a supply for even the existing demand, and the demand will increase as provision is made for supplying it.

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Railway Men and Religion

Last week the Conference of the Railway Men's Young Men's Christian Associations at Topeka, Kansas, was made notable by an address by President Roosevelt. The interest in this gathering, however, was due not more to such a distinguished speaker than to the cause itself, for the attendance was as great at the closing meeting as on the evening when the President made his address. The audience was estimated at about four thousand men. There were no less than fifteen hundred delegates present from the nearly two hundred railway associations of North America. Foreign governments were also represented—Mexico by four delegates, Germany by two, France and Denmark by one each. The mileage traveled by all the delegates exceeded two million miles. The railway companies furnished free transportation—the value of which to ordinary travelers would be $60,000; while the concessions made by the Pullman Company exceeded $5,000. While the railway companies provided every facility to advance the convention, in no case did they, as such, have a voice or a vote in the meeting. We may add that the companies have now given over a million dollars for Association buildings, and contribute nearly a quarter of a million a year toward the current expenses. The Topeka Conference was presided over by Colonel John J. McCook, and among the prominent railway men who took part in the discussion were President Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and General Manager Mudge, of the Atchison roads. The delegates were from all positions in railway service, from flagmen to engineers; they represented the fifty thousand members of the railway branch. While religious differences were not mentioned at the Conference (about one-third of the membership has Roman Catholic affiliation), religious life was the subject most enthusiastically discussed. An incident of the Conference was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Railway Asso-

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ciation Building now being erected at Topeka by the Atchison Company and its employees, at a cost of $30,000. No branch of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association has shown greater progress in every direction than has its railway department; and it is significant for social as well as for industrial solidarity that its financial support is equally divided between employers and employed. The work which the Young Men's Christian Association is doing, in caring for the physical and social comfort of the men, to say nothing of the educational and religious features, is a very important public service, and without something of the kind railway employees would be in far greater moral peril than at present.

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A Notable Commemoration

The beautiful historic village of Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson was the scene of an unusual celebration on Thursday of last week, which took the form of a semi-centennial commemoration of the work of the Rev. J. Selden Spencer as assistant rector, rector, and rector emeritus of Christ Church. Mr. Spencer's association with the parish dates back to 1858; and among his parishioners at that time was Washington Irving, a devout attendant on the services of the church, whose charming home at Sunnyside attracted many visitors, and to whom the interests of the church were very dear. Mr. Spencer's reminiscences of Irving, read to his friends a few years ago, delightfully illustrated his own qualities of nature and of style, his consecration to his work, his generosity, his humor, and his geniality. The exercises on Thursday consisted of a service of commemoration in the morning, at which Bishop Potter presided, which was largely attended by the Episcopal clergy of Westchester County and the neighboring Hudson River districts, and by the clergy of other churches in the community. At the close of Bishop Potter's address the Rev. Dr. John Knox Allen, pastor of the First Reformed Church, presented Mr. Spencer with an address of congratulation signed by over five hundred residents of the town. The communion service followed; and later a luncheon was served, at which many visitors were entertained with characteristic hospitality. In the afternoon hundreds of friends presented their congratulations and expressed their warm affection to Mr. Spencer at the Parish House; and in the evening a public dinner was given to him, at which Major Marshall H. Bright, editor of "Christian Work," presided, and brief addresses full of affection and respect were made by the Rev. Dr. Allen, by the President of the village, and by other representative citizens. It is not often in this age that a minister remains in one parish and pulpit for half a century. The traditions of Tarrytown are quite in harmony, however, with this long pastorate; the blameless life, the consecration to his work, the kindliness of spirit, and the delightful personal qualities of Mr. Spencer have endeared him to the whole community.

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Black Smoke Banished

When the coal strike was at its height, and the skies of New York were as black as those of other soft-coal burning cities, many people were convinced that the metropolis had lost forever one of its greatest charms, and that, the use of soft coal having been introduced in hundreds of factories and other buildings, it would be impossible again to drive it out. The Outlook expressed its faith not only that the regulation against black smoke could be enforced, but would be enforced, and its faith has been justified. To-day the sky is absolutely clear; only two or three columns of black smoke can be observed rising from any point in the city, and the statement of Dr. Lederle, the Health Commissioner, that the city is freer from black smoke than it has been for a number of years past, is evident to any one who will look over the island from any elevated point. The only offenders remaining seem to be the power-houses. Why these should be allowed to violate the statute has not been explained. Undoubtedly the Commissioner who has effected a change which entitles him to the gratitude of all New Yorkers for all time to come is for the moment balked in his endeavor to abate the nuisance in two or three instances. Whatever action he may be able to take he may rest assured will be backed by the citizens of New York. The brief experience of foul skies was sufficient to make the citizens of the metropolis value, as they have never valued before, not only

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the beauty but the personal comfort of breathing clean air and looking at pure skies.

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The Books of a Season

The survey of the books of the present season which The Outlook gives its readers this week does not bring to light many important books. The contributions to religious and economic thought and scholarship have been, in three or four cases, of considerable importance. A single poetic comedy rises above the average of good, well-constructed, but largely uninspired verse-making. In the field of fiction four or five stories have appeared, or are to appear, which are likely to attract a good deal of attention and to deserve the consideration of the most serious readers.

This dearth of books of the first rank is not to be interpreted either as indicating a decline of literary vitality or of popular interest in good books. The journalistic treatment of literature tends to make the public think of the production of books as it does of the production of wheat and corn, and to estimate the value of the crop at the end of the season in exact terms. Intelligent estimates of literary movements and of literary productivity, it is hardly necessary to say, cannot be made in this manner.

It is not surprising that in such an engrossing movement of industrial activity as has been going on during the past three or four years books should be less talked about than formerly, and that there should be less apparent interest in them. When the work of the hand is so pressing, so varied, and so profitable, it takes the first place in public interest; when that work begins to slacken, a great many men who move with the current begin once more to think of the higher occupations and the interests of the human spirit. More books are sold to-day than ever before, and the army of readers quietly making themselves acquainted with good literature in all parts of the country increases instead of diminishes; but until the tide of prosperity ebbs somewhat, or until society has adjusted itself to the immense increase of wealth and the immense extension of practical activities and multiplication of the instruments of practical service, literature will not receive the recognition which belongs to it as one of the supreme interests in American life.

The fact that, for the moment at least, no novels are selling with the rapidity with which a few novels were sold two or three years ago is by no means an unhealthful sign. The sales of good stories remain phenomenally large compared with the old figures, and will remain large because there has been a great extension of the reading public. The rush of the crowd to read a book which may have no literary merit or vitality, either of material or of presentation, simply because it is talked about, is never wholesome; and if the crowd has grown more critical and clear-minded in its judgments, and has ceased to move upon sudden impulse and learned to decide for itself, the loss will fall, not on writers of real merit, but on a few whose rewards were generally beyond their deserts. The average of literary work in this country in many departments is high. If great books are not produced in large numbers, good books are produced in very considerable numbers; and in soundness of knowledge, in good taste and literary workmanship, a great advance is evident over the work of an earlier generation. It is a period of quiet progress; a time of preparation rather than a time of accomplishment.

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The Carlyle Love-Letters[1]

Love-letters ought never to be published. They are not written for the public; true love-letters are written with an abandon which makes them incomprehensible to the public. The lover reads into the letter which he receives what the writer has meant but could not say; and if he fails, the failure only leads to more correspondence and those misunderstandings and explanations which are the torturing delight of all true lovers, and have been since the world began. But if love-letters are published, they ought to be either left without interpretation, like the Browning love-letters, or else they ought to be interpreted by an editor who has imagination and can understand the difference between

[1] *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and Edited by Alexander Carlyle. With an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D. With Sixteen Illustrations. 2 vols. John Lane, New York.

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a blow and a caress. The Carlyle love-letters have fallen into the hands of editors without imagination. One would surmise that neither Mr. Froude nor Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., nor perhaps Alexander Carlyle—though his notes do not attempt to do the work of interpretation essayed by Sir James Crichton-Browne's Introduction—had ever been in love or had ever read love romances enough to know love language. So Mr. Froude subjects the correspondence to a cold analysis, a sort of post-mortem examination, for the purpose of finding out what was the matter with this couple, and concludes that Thomas Carlyle was a bear; and Sir James Crichton-Browne, in his Introduction, subjects them to another post-mortem, and concludes that Mrs. Carlyle was half crazy. To neither of the two skillful but unimaginative anatomists does it occur that the matter was that both Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle were madly in love with each other, and so remained with a pertinacity of enthusiasm rare even in Scotch characters.

We say even in Scotch characters; for among the curious delusions of literature and history the delusion that the Scotchman is a cold and unemotional character must take high rank as an inexplicable curiosity. Scotchmen cold and unemotional! And Scotland has given to the pulpit Chalmers and Guthrie and Matheson; to poetry Robert Burns; and to romance Scott, Macdonald, Barrie, and John Watson. The Scotch are Celts, with all the passion of Celts burning in their blood. Only with them the fire is not that of a forest lighting up the whole horizon with a ruddy glare to be extinguished by the first smart rain; it is that of a mine burning under ground, without flame, with little smoke, but with a heat which nothing can extinguish. And Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle were both Scotch; and they loved with a Scotchman's inextinguishable but also inexpressible ardor. They did not always understand each other: when did two lovers ever always understand each other? They are never understood by their unimaginative editors; when did unimaginative lookers-on ever understand true lovers?

That they were lovers and always lovers, devoted to each other with the devotion of youthful lovers, and carrying that devotion throughout their lives, undiminished, is a fact which reveals itself on almost every page. We turn at haphazard the pages of the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and we find love-sentences hanging like blossoms on every bough—with this difference, that blossoms do not outlast the spring, and these blossoms winter could not kill. He rarely calls her by her name. She is "My brave little Woman;" or "Beautiful Soul;" or "Generous Heroine;" or "My Darling;" or "Goody;" or simply "She," Jean being the only "she" in all the world to him. And this, let the reader note, not in the first days of courtship, not in the supposedly blissful hours of the honeymoon, but throughout their married life. He imputed to the rest of the world his own undisguised though generally unexpressed admiration for her. "Everybody felt the all-pervading, simple grace, the perfect truth and perfect trustfulness, of that beautiful, cheerful, intelligent, and sprightly creature." She was his one companion, his sunshine without whom the world was dark indeed: "Oh my love, my dearest, always love me; I am richer with thee than the whole world could make me otherwise." "The Herzen Goody must not fret herself and torment her poor sick head. I will be back to her, not one hour will I lose. Heaven knows the sun shines not on the spot that could be pleasant to me were she not there, so be of comfort, my Jeannie."

Nor is he less to her than she to him. Her letters are redolent of her passionate affection for him. "Will you believe it, Mr. Carlyle has been within sixteen miles of me for three weeks and we have not once seen each other's face. Now is not this a pretty story? Positively, I am expecting to have my name transmitted to posterity along with the Patriarch Job's; for the *woman* who could undergo this thing and yet not die of rage, could also survive, with a meek spirit, the carrying away of oxen and asses, the burning up of sheep, and even the smothering of sons and daughters." "We see great numbers of people here, and are always most content alone. My husband reads then, and I read or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other." "Oh that he

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were indeed well, well beside *me*, and occupied as he ought. How plain and clear would life then lie before us. I verily believe there would not be such a happy pair on the face of the whole earth." "Often when he has talked for an hour without answer, he will ask for some sign of life on my part; and the only sign I can give is a little kiss. Well! that is better than nothing, don't you think?" Then to her husband: "What progress you will have been making with Burns in my absence. I wish I were back to see it; and to give you a kiss for every minute I have been absent. But you will not miss me as terribly as I did you. Dearest, I do love you! Is it not proof of this that I am wearying to be back at Craigenputtoch *even as it stands*, and while every one is trying to make my stay agreeable to me?" "Write instantly to me how you get on, to the minutest item." Even her criticisms are a homage: "Beware, however, dear Jean, how you encourage that little morsel of yours to follow the trade of being a Genius—it is a considerable risk—one way and another—and for my part, if I had the power of administering it, I should advise it much as our good Doctor used to do with his Senna—'you had better give it him—or perhaps you had better not.'"

But both Mr. Froude and Sir James Crichton-Browne find that the course of love did not always run smooth, and so conclude, one that Thomas Carlyle was to blame, the other that Jane Welsh Carlyle was to blame. Bless the dull critics, do they not know that it was love that was to blame! When did the course of true love ever run smooth? The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is no true picture of passionate lovers' love. Lovers' love is exacting and self-sacrificing; it is querulous and admiring; it is critical and indiscriminating; it is tempestuous and peaceful; it is self-accusing and self-defending; it is torture and bliss; it is everything self-contradictory. And these two were passionate lovers; all their life long passionate lovers. They both had the intensest of intense natures; and neither could find language strong enough to express their inexpressible life. The drama of such a love-life cannot be interpreted by the rule of three. It was in their nature, and in the nature of the intensity of their love, that they should be at times at cross purposes: though he was no brute and she no crazy woman.

He was sometimes self-absorbed in his work and careless of her; it is doubtful whether she would have had him less absorbed. For she was proud of that power of concentration which was a part of his genius. He was something of a bear and sometimes growled at his wife as he did at visitors; but she loved him none the less for that. She writes of him, "The victim . . . is consuming his own smoke in a manner which rather frightens me by its novelty. . . . I wish he would growl a bit." She had terrible headaches, was excessively nervous, and often morbid and sometimes not herself; but that did not lessen her love for him nor his for her. As to the misunderstandings and criss-cross purposes, and on her part jealousies, doubtless perfect souls would not have had them; but they were due, not to want of love, but rather to the excess of it, or, let us say, to a certain unrestrained extravagance in loving. For even love should be temperate. Mrs. Carlyle has given in one letter—a letter to her husband—the key to it all. The two quotations which follow are in the original probably a couple of pages of letter-paper apart. She is with Mr. and Mrs. Sterling when she writes:

"I now perceive the use my company is to them both, better than I did when we set out: I furnish, as it were, the sugar and ginger, which makes the alkali of the one and the tartaric acid of the other effervesce into a somewhat more agreeable draught."

She has the same capacity for making the life at Chelsea "effervescent," and she recognizes the fact in this curiously self-revelatory letter:

"I said to myself you were no better than when you left me, and all this absence was gone for nothing. I wanted to bring you into something like cheerfulness, and the length of a kingdom was between us—and if it had not—the probabilities are that, *with the best intentions*, I should have quarreled with you rather. Poor men and poor women! what a time they have in this world by destiny and their own deserving. But, as Mr. Bradfute used to say, 'tell us something we do not know.'"

"But words are cheap." Doubtless,

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Mr. Critic, words are cheap; but the love of these two lovers was shown elsewise than in words; shown by both in self-sacrifices of which these letters afford many hints, one of which, with the common failure of the commentators to comprehend it, must serve here to illustrate them all. Mrs. Carlyle had no fondness for the country. That is a quite evident fact. "The thought," she writes to Carlyle, "you are apt to dwell on too exclusively: that 'God made the country and man the town,' is to be taken with large reservations;—is, indeed, to be '*strongly doubted*.' You may depend upon it, Sir, Man and even the Devil have had a very considerable hand in making the country also." Nature even at its best had no great charm for her. "The drive from Wells to Tunbridge was really as picturesque as the lover of Nature (not I) could possibly desire." *Per contra*, Thomas Carlyle had no fondness for the town. Its noise, and whirl, and strenuous life, and stream of society were all odious to him. "I am better in health, however," Mrs. Carlyle writes to a friend, "and do not dislike London as Mr. C. does." One incident will suffice here to show that this his distaste for London life was known to all who knew him. He is at Ecclefechan, and she is sending him some buttons: "When I said to Helen [the maid], I must go and get some buttons for you, she tossed her head with an air of triumph and remarked, 'Well, it's a mercy there is *one* thing which the Master fancies is to be got in *London* better than in *the Country!*'—a small mercy, for which let us be duly grateful." But the society-loving wife goes down with the solitude-loving husband to Craigenputtoch and keeps house there for him and with him in what she characterizes to a friend as "the stillest, solitariest place that it ever entered upon your imagination to conceive; where one has the strangest shadowy existence, nothing actual in it but the food we eat, the bed one sleeps on, and (praised be Heaven) the fine air one breathes; the rest is all a dream of the absent and distant, of things past and to come." And, leading there this solitary life, she writes so charmingly of it to a friend in London that one editor is apparently deceived into thinking that she really liked it, while it is quite apparent that her letter is purely defensatory, a wifely making the best she can of the life to which her love for her husband calls her: "If people we like and take pleasure in do not come about us here as in London, it is thankfully to be remembered that here 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' If the knocker makes no sound for weeks together, it is so much the better for my nerves. My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire." And the other editor cannot pardon the husband for taking his wife to so dull a life, and cannot conceive, or does not, that a wife in love with her husband finds a great joy, perhaps her greatest joy, in denying herself for his sake, provided only that the self-denial is a little recognized and appreciated by him. So much she does gladly for her love for him. Presently they transfer themselves to the London which is odious to him and settle there in such quarters as they can afford, where he adapts himself to his surroundings, for his love for her, despite the fact that he is far from an adaptable man. That this involved any sacrifice on his part or indicated any love in him for his wife we do not think Mr. Froude, in his Life of Carlyle, anywhere recognizes.

The "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" were needed to correct the false impression which was unhappily produced on the public mind by the publication of Mr. Froude's first Letters and Memorials in 1883, though even then the imaginative and discriminating reader gave to them, partial and imperfect as they were, a very different interpretation from that which Mr. Froude gave to them. There are other elements of interest in these "New Letters" than the light they throw on the home life of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. They are graphic in description, keen in dissection of character, sparkling with wit and humor. To one who is fond of character study they are more entertaining than a novel and more vitally dramatic than a drama. But these aspects we have no space here to illustrate. Their most notable feature is their revelation, on the one hand, of the loves of two life-lovers—her latest letters, written in 1865, after nearly forty years of married life, are as lover-like as the earliest—and, on the other hand, of the

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dullness of two unimaginative critics—perhaps we should say three, adding to the other two Alexander Carlyle—who have undertaken to interpret letters all aflame with love though apparently they have never learned the meaning of love's language.

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The Kindergarten Against the Street

In the sections of New York in which the population is densest the streets are the nurseries, playgrounds, libraries, and theaters of the children. These children are housed in rooms so few, small, and crowded that they are driven out-of-doors for space to breathe, play, and live. The close, hot sitting-room, dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen combined, in which many of them live with fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, becomes intolerable at times even to the youngest child, and the street is the only refuge. It becomes a retreat for the suppressed and imprisoned personality of the child; it gives him room for activity; for letting out his energy in noise and play; it makes a place for his individuality; more than this, it affords plenty of companionship, for it is full of boys and girls sent from similar homes by the same conditions. There the child finds the drama of life going on before his eyes in its most pathetic and often in its most repulsive forms. The chase of the thief by the policeman, the rattle of the ambulance, the rush of the fire-engine, the cries of the hucksters, the bickerings and fightings, are the sights and sounds to which the child of the tenement-house is accustomed from the time he can walk down stairs; in the streets he learns the first lessons of life, and as he grows into boyhood the street becomes more and more his theater. He becomes familiar with the most degraded men and women, and knows the worst vices from infancy.

The free kindergarten is the antagonist of the street. It rivals and passes the street in interest, and it puts the best education in place of the worst. It is a place which pleases the eye and the ear, and excites and satisfies the curiosity. It opens a clean, airy room, with plenty of light. In this room there are flowers, sometimes birds; there are always things that are novel in form and color. The two teachers who are in charge know how to catch and keep the attention of children, because they know their habits, tastes, faults, and are in sympathy with them. They know how to open the eyes of the child to things that it has never seen before, and to open its ears to sounds that charm and win its attention. They are not bound by hard and fast rules; they do not impose on the child a method from which it rebels. They take the child as they find it—a semi-barbarian of the street—and teach it cleanliness, order, obedience, courtesy. These lessons come as naturally to the child as the lessons it has learned in the street, and they soon make it over into a civilized child. It finds the play in the pleasant room, led by older playmates, more interesting than the play in the street; a thousand objects are presented to it that excite its curiosity, and it learns the fundamental lessons of life without knowing that it is being educated.

From the pleasant room, with pleasant faces, kind voices, music, and flowers, the child carries new ideas to its home, and presently the mother is interested. The teachers and the room have something for her as well as for her child; and she too begins to learn cleanliness, order, the sweetness of life. More than this, she is taught to help the teacher by making her home like the kindergarten; and so the influences and habits of the streets are fought and overcome, not only in the kindergarten but in the home, and the kindergarten becomes an oasis in the desert of the tenement-house life.

The street, with its evil education—a school in which all kinds of vice are taught—has no enemy so effective, so thoroughgoing, so dangerous, as the kindergarten; and nothing would clean New York morally more radically and permanently than the opening of kindergartens in such numbers that all the children could be taken out of the streets and taught the primary lessons of wholesome living and of good citizenship.

This fight against the street the New York Kindergarten Association and similar organizations in other cities are carrying on at every point where they can command the money to equip and support a school. They are doing a work which

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the public schools cannot do; they are organizing the skirmish-line in the fight to save the children of the tenement-house. This work is fundamental; it is done at the most receptive age; and it is the only real answer to that pathetic "cry of the children" which rises in the streets of our great cities, and to which no generous man or woman can be indifferent. That cry ought to be heard and heeded in every home in which children are loved and guarded.

❀

The Childless Church

We accompany an article in this week's Outlook on "The Childless Church" with two comments: one to the parents, one to the ministers.

To the Parent: The prime cause of the childless church is the prayerless home. If there is not truth in the home, there will not be sincerity in society; if not honesty in the home, not honor in business; if not patriotism in the home, not purity in politics; if not devotion in the home, not the spirit of devotion in the church. For homes are the springs that feed the life of the Nation; and if they run dry, there will be drought in the Nation. It cannot be otherwise.

If, then, your children do not care to go to church, inquire first if the fault be not in your home before you look for it in the church. Criticism, like charity, should begin at home. If you do not go to church, it is worse than useless to send your children. If you go reluctantly, it is in vain to expect them to go gladly. If you go to criticise, they will not go to worship. If you go because conscience or convention compels you, they will not go unless they are compelled. And if you love your church and it ministers to your highest nature, they will catch your love for it, though they know not why nor how.

But if the church does not minister to our higher life? What if there is no reason for going but personal habit or social convention? We answer by another question: What if your grocer serves you with stale eggs, or your butcher with tough meat, or your newspaper with lies for truth? You do not abandon either for one failure, or for two; but you do not go on indefinitely for no other reason than personal habit or social convention. If your church does not minister to your higher life, and the fault is not in your own critical attitude, set yourself to improve the church if you can. And if you cannot, change it for a church that will minister to your higher life.

To the Minister: Read the article and ponder it with care. What are you trying to do for the children in your parish? Anything? You have in mind the pew renters: the income of your church depends on them. You have in mind the deacons and elders: the peace of your church depends upon them. You have in mind the active workers, men and women: the efficiency of your church depends upon them. You have in mind the sick and the mourning: your sympathies are appealed to by them. But the children: do you think of them? do you plan for them?

If you ask of methods, these occur to us; perhaps correspondents, out of their experience, can suggest others. You can bring your morning service within an hour—as long a time as children should be asked to sit still; and you can so shape both service and sermon as to appeal to children as well as to adults—a difficult but not an impossible achievement. You can make two services of the one service; and, after a five-minute sermon to the children, dismiss them and go on with the remaining service and the sermon to adults. You can hold a special service for the children, such as is described in the article. You can make the Sunday-school a children's service as well as a children's school, and leave them to find therein their religious instruction and inspiration. Which you shall do must depend partly upon your church, partly upon the community, partly upon yourself. All men have not the ability to instruct and inspire children. Such ministers must recognize their own limitations, and find others to do for them what they cannot do for themselves. So did Henry Ward Beecher; so did Phillips Brooks; both of them loved children; children loved them both; but neither of them could preach to children. Unless, directly or indirectly, you do something vigorously, earnestly, enthusiastically, for the children of your parish, blame not them, blame yourself, if your church is a childless church.

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What are College Students Reading?

By James H. Canfield

Librarian of Columbia University

SOMETHING more than a year ago, in these columns, the writer of this had something to say about the administration of a modern college or university library. The gist of that article was the enlarged opportunity of undergraduate students in the use of libraries—the longer hours, the open shelves, and the generally increased liberality of management. Since that statement appeared there have been many inquiries as to whether undergraduates are really profiting by these increased opportunities; whether they are reading more, and more wisely, than in past years; and whether there is an increase, not only in the reading habit, but in the taste for good literature and in the enjoyment of it.

It is not easy to answer these questions in an entirely satisfactory manner. There are certain outward and manifest conditions which may be remarked, and which are common to many if not to all institutions of learning. For instance, there can be no question that undergraduates are devoting more hours of each academic year to reading than was the practice of, say, twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is also true that the greater part of this reading is more wisely selected, because the work is done under the direct supervision and upon either the requirement or suggestion of instructors. How much these students are reading outside of these requirements or these suggested and collateral courses, and how far the requirements and the suggestions result in creating a taste for good literature, are quite other questions.

It may be interesting, however, to men and women of middle life, who may not be in close touch with the modern educational world, to know something in detail of the present methods of bringing undergraduates and books together. These methods do not differ greatly in different institutions, especially if one is thinking only of those institutions which are really worth while. The same general plan is followed at such universities as Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell, and at such colleges as Williams, Amherst, and Brown; and these may be taken as types of their class. In each the personal element is a very strong factor. Faculties in which the older men and the older spirit are still dominant cling more closely to the older methods. Younger men are urging the newer thought, and are more liberal in their treatment of the entire field of any given subject; although it must be confessed frankly that some of them carry this to an extreme, and sacrifice quality to quantity, substituting breadth for depth. As an illustration of the temper of the earlier day may be quoted the remark of a college president of distinction, to a gentleman who had been asked to consider a call to a position in his faculty. After a prolonged conference the younger man said, "Now, I would like to know something about my lecture-room, which I hope has my study immediately adjoining, in order that I may be in close contact with my students; and also about what are the chances for a department library, and for developing the interest of my students by required courses of reading, and so forth." To him the president replied, "My dear young friend, you have been called here as a teacher of history, not as a revolutionist." But that was long ago!

In these days the work of nearly every department is conducted with a judicious admixture of text-books, lectures, conferences and discussions, required readings and suggested readings. Few institutions have sufficient financial resources to permit the duplication of books to the extent necessary if classes or sections of any size are to withdraw from the library the titles designated for either required or suggested reading. These are generally withdrawn from circulation, and kept on what are known as reserve shelves, and are loaned for a short time only; in some instances for one or two days, in many courses by the hour only, and for use within the library building. The printed syllabi accompanying these courses, and the library records of the "special re-

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serves," make it possible to determine with considerable accuracy the work which undergraduates are doing.

Taking Columbia University as a fair illustration of these more approved methods—though, because of the number of its students and the resources of its library, the figures will necessarily run somewhat in advance of those of smaller institutions—nearly 6,000 different titles are placed on special reserve during each academic year. The number so held at any given date varies somewhat, but there is rarely a week during which fewer than 3,500 volumes are on the shelves. At present writing (the first week in April) rather more than that number are on reserve, for some fifty classes or sections, representing fifteen departments or divisions. Nearly every department is represented at some part of the year in this special collection, and makes demands upon it through its students. The science work has collections of its own, immediately adjoining the laboratories, and therefore makes less use of the special reserve shelves. The greatest use is by the language and literature departments, the department of history, the departments of political and economic science, and the departments of philosophy and education. As more specific illustrations, taken quite at random: For the History of American Literature, a course carried for three hours (each week) through the academic year, the required reading covers six hundred and fifty pages of prose, fifteen essays and orations, seventy-five poems, and about twenty complete volumes; while the suggested reading calls for a reserve list of about seventy-five volumes more. The study of the English Essayists of the Nineteenth Century (three hours, through the year) makes heavy draughts upon Walter Pater's works, and those of Matthew Arnold and other essayists—demands which call for hard reading at least six hours each week of the course. A course on the outlines of Industrial History, carried for three hours during the first semester, requires the reading of twelve hundred pages for English Industrial History, and about four hundred pages for the Industrial History of the United States, and keeps on reserve about one hundred titles. To the History and Principles of Education three hours are given through the year. Two text-books are used, with which students must become familiar—"The Meaning of Education," by President Butler, and the "Psychologic Foundations of Education," by Dr. W. T. Harris. Students taking this course are required to read Davidson's "Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals," De Garmo's "Herbart and the Herbartians," Eliot's "Educational Reform," and Shaw's "School Hygiene." In addition to this, about three hundred titles are reserved under the head of suggested readings. It may be well to note here that "suggested reading" sometimes refers to the author entire, but more often designates certain pages to be read in connection with certain lectures or other portions of the work.

The course on the Labor Problem runs two hours a week during the second half of the year. Students are required to be entirely familiar not only with the lectures and the results of discussions in the classroom, but also with Cooke-Taylor's "Factory System and the Factory Acts," Von Plener's "English Factory Legislation," and Abraham and Davies's "Law Relating to Factories." To the Constitutional History of England (to 1689) two hours are given during the year. For this work such books are reserved as Trevelyan's "Peasants' Rising and the Lollards" and "England in the Age of Wycliffe," Ramsey's "Lancaster and York," Gardiner's "Paston Letters" and "Life and Reign of Richard III.," Busch's "England under the Tudors," Froude's "History of England," Brewer's "Henry VIII.," Prothero's "Select Statutes," Adams and Stephen's "Select Documents," and Gardiner's "Constitutional Documents;" and we of the Library can testify to the faithfulness with which these authors are consulted. For the general work or general course in Ethics (three hours a week during the second half of the year) we reserve such titles as Brown's "Principles of Ethics," Kidd's "Morality and Religion," Clifford's "Lectures and Essays," Caird's "Philosophy of Religion," Dorman's "Ethics," Pfleiderer's "Philosophy and Development of Religion," Pollock's "Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics," Schurman's "Belief in God," James's "Will to Believe," Aristotle's "Nichomadean Ethics" (two translations), Grant's "Ethics of Aris-

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totle," Grote's "Aristotle," Zeller's "Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics," Martineau's "Essays" and "Types of Ethical Theory," Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals," Mayer's "Ancient Philosophy," Sidgwick's "History of Ethics," and Hughes's "Natural and Supernatural Morals."

Not much ephemeral literature is suggested, though in civics and economics and general science the best articles in the current periodicals are under constant reference. Indeed, in some departments there are regular student-reports on current periodical literature bearing upon the course or theme then under discussion; and some science periodicals are taken expressly for required reading.

In addition to these specific demands should be noted the large amount of systematic reading accomplished by students in their own undertakings, such as their inter-class discussions, the work of the various literary societies, and the intercollegiate debates. This work is now more or less under the direction of instructors, always heartily seconded by the librarians. Special bibliographies are prepared, and students are aided in every possible way to find and consult the most approved authorities and the latest utterances.

In many libraries bulletins are posted from time to time, calling attention to new books just received, or to magazine articles of especial interest and value. Short bibliographies are also "hung up," covering approved readings on the more important questions of the day. In some libraries all new books are kept on inspection for a week before being placed on general circulation.

These statements have been made quite *in extenso*, because in this way, possibly better than in any other, will the lay reader come to understand the length and the breadth of the field traversed by the student. It is not difficult to believe that an undergraduate who carries this work faithfully, in a manner which will be satisfactory to his instructors, and which will enable him to secure proper credits at the end of the year or of the semester, will cover in a systematic way far more ground than the average undergraduate ever thought of covering, say, in the early sixties, or even twenty-five years ago.

This method brings each student into contact with the very best literature on the subjects under his consideration. The quantity of work assigned is determined, or ought to be determined, on the same principle as that which covers all other assignments—what the average man will be able to accomplish with reasonable success. As in the other work of the course, the man above the average will either have more spare time (not necessarily idle time) and will read more widely and more carefully, or he will add what are sometimes known as unnecessary courses—that is, he will carry more work than is really needed for a degree, or he will undertake to shorten his course in time. It is quite possible, therefore, that men in the upper half of the class may accomplish more general reading than that which is set forth above. As for the men in the lower half of the class, in the matter of reading as in everything else, they are obliged to content themselves with the scantiest return for their labors, graduating at last, if at all, either quite by chance or just barely pulling through.

Science students spend in their laboratories much of the time which other students spend in the library. Conversely, it is entirely proper to speak of the time which students spend upon required or suggested reading as laboratory work, and this phrase is now quite generally used in connection with the humanities.

If a student is taking more than one course in which much collateral reading is required, he probably has very little time for voluntary work; which is only one more way in which electives fail to elect, and bring to the student more required work than was known under old-time fixed curricula. The requirements of such courses lead the student to specialize, as is shown by the fact that science students do not read very extensively on lines of general literature, and the students in the arts courses do not make very heavy demands for science authors.

It must be admitted that there is serious danger that in the midst of this required reading a student may not acquire a sense of proportion. This is not a necessary result, however, and is an error on the part of members of the faculty which ought not to be charged to the system itself. It is still true, perhaps it is more

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true than it was years ago, that officers of instruction, especially the younger officers, are intensely devoted to their own work, and pay very little attention either to the work of others and its relation to their own departments, or to the symmetrical development of the college or university as a whole. Demands are frequently made which the average student cannot meet, which even the brighter students cannot meet, without seriously neglecting other work. This is a detail of administration, however, to be cared for as institutions have more experience and their officers grow wiser and more unselfish.

Just how far the present methods result in a taste for good literature is, of course, still a question. That which is done under compulsion is often positively distasteful, and all sane instructors recognize the deadening intellectual and spiritual effect of required work, of all work which is done, not with a love of it, for its own sake, but with a view to "satisfy some one else." The personal element is a strong feature in this entire problem—the personality and the temper and the inheritance of the reader as well as the personal power of the instructor. It is quite possible that there shall be, as there undoubtedly is, far more diversified and extended information about literature than was known even twenty years ago. But the chief value of all reading, after all, is that intimate acquaintance which comes from prolonged and careful study of the character and thought and purpose of the writer as these appear in his printed works. Possibly this may never be accomplished within the limits of undergraduate life. It is entirely true that all or nearly all of the work of a college course is that of opening many doors, of giving opportunity, of setting men at the beginnings of things, of starting them right and along straight lines—rather than demanding complete mastery. The impressions of college life, even though vague and somewhat confused, have more to do with the development and after-life of the student than any exact form of knowledge that he may acquire. Lowell's remark that it was the smell of leather in his father's library that made him a literary man has much philosophy in it. It is worth something, it is worth much, to bring these undergraduates into contact with great masses of literature, to give them some sense of the extent of literature, to let them know what has been sought and what has been accomplished, even if they know of it in bulk only. The present methods of dealing with this whole question seem somewhat to contravene the old proverb; for we are able not only to lead a horse to water but to make him drink as well; with the hope that if he drinks largely of pure water he will acquire a distaste for everything else.

But here again for the hundredth time, as in every other phase of student life, are shown the place and power of the individual instructor who gets near enough to his students to impress them with his own personality. It is undoubtedly true that all real love for good literature springs from within, and cannot be imposed from without. But it is equally true that this taste may be stimulated by close personal contact with those who know the delights of constant communion with the best minds of all ages. We may be reasonably sure that, no matter what the systems or devices may be, they will prove but mechanical and formal and will be sure of failure unless back of them stands an inspiring teacher and through them is felt the uplift of a strong character and a devotion to all that is noble and pure and true.

To the Song-Thrush

By Edwin Henry Keen

Singer, whose music does not cloy,
Thy gladness we would borrow;
The songs of birds arise from joy,
The songs of men from sorrow.

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A Preacher's Story of His Work[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

VII.

EVERY day of my life I more profoundly believe that the instrument God uses for the development of his kingdom among men is exactly the same to-day as on the day of the Pentecost; the symbol of that ministry is the tongue of fire, the message of man to man by word of mouth; and personally, while I know there are many reasons advanced for believing that the pulpit cannot hold anything like as important a place in social life as it did a generation ago—the magazines compete with it, the daily papers compete with it, the University Extension movement competes with it, a thousand and one methods by which education is presented to the "herd" are all supposed to compete with it and do compete with it in a sense—still, I profoundly believe that when a man has a vision of God on the one hand, and, on the other, the needs of the people in his heart, that man will get a hearing. No writing, no literature, no diffusion of knowledge, no religious or pedagogical press, or anything else, can take the place of that sort of preaching. Again and again I have seen churches doing good work, and when I have come to analyze their strength, I have found it lay in wise organization to meet the needs of the people, and patient maintenance of that organization; but these things, good and necessary though they be, cannot take the place of preaching. I see also fully—I have proved it in my own ministry and in the ministry of my clergy—how important visiting is; anything that brings you in vital touch with people is important and useful; but it does not take the place of preaching. When I say "preaching," I am using the word in the widest sense. It may be preaching at the dinner-table, in the study, on the street, on the political platform; it *must* be preaching in the pulpit; the giving forth of the message that a man has when he stands up and will not sit down until he has delivered it, subordinating time, method, manner, everything, to that. That is what impresses people; that is the way still to reach all sorts and conditions of people.

I try to make myself the mouthpiece of my parish. What I mean by that is this: I do not think there ever was a man as fortunate as I am in the band of lay workers that surrounds him. Many of them have been with me now for almost twenty years. We need each other, love each other, and trust each other. They give me of their best. For instance, I am going to speak to the Sunday-school. I go to my superintendent: "What do you think I ought to say? What do they most need just now?" Or, if I am speaking to my Working-Girls' Society: "What should I talk to the girls about?" If it is the young men of the club, I ask in some sort the same question. The result of my questioning is that my friends who know the inward needs of each of these organizations, and the young people who make them up, give me their own sermon to preach, and I preach it. They can see what I cannot see. They hear and know what I have not had an opportunity to hear and know. The sermons I often preach are more often theirs than mine.

Such experiences make a man's ministry very rich, and keep his preaching very much to the point. I suppose the time will come when our business men will help us in the same way. Alas! they do not yet do it. When, for instance, a great railroad president, or a great lawyer, or a great politician, will tell the clergyman he trusts something of the inwardness of the hour, will tell him the struggle between light and darkness going on in the business field, between truth and lies, between knavery and righteousness, bribery and honesty—when, I say, he does this, the man who speaks in the pulpit can speak with power. As it is, the clergy fail to make their special messages go home because,

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while they are right in the main, they are almost sure to be wrong in the detailed statement of their case. And men sneer at them and say, "Let the shoemaker keep to his last. Don't bring politics or business into the pulpit; you do not understand them. Give us the old doctrines of Christianity. Preach to us the Gospel." And, of course, all this sort of talking I hold to be little short of hypocrisy, if it falls short of it at all. If the laity would help us to preach, the pulpit would have more power than it has, the ministry would be more vital than it has been. But I am bound to say that I think the fault is often with the preacher more than with the laity, for the preacher doesn't impress on his people how anxious and ready he is to borrow their knowledge and experience, and use it freely in pressing home the great message of truth and righteousness on the conscience of the community.

There is great danger of the laity seeking God away from the Church, unless clergymen set themselves resolutely to restating old truths; and they are not doing that as they should. What we need to-day in the Church is a restatement of the truth in terms that men can accept. The Church fails to recognize that men do not want to give up the great doctrines; but they find it impossible to accept them as they are often given to them. Many of the laity attached to St. George's I got on the basis of restating old truths in a way adapted to the thought of to-day. Of course the free church idea had something to do with it; but, even if you cast your fly over a fish, it does not follow that he will take it; you must give him the right sort of fly. What we need is earnest, persistent effort on the part of the clergy to restate old truths—truths men learned at their mother's knee—in terms that they can accept to-day; the terms in which they were taught thirty years ago will no longer touch them. These truths now live in men's minds as a memory; we must restate them so that they will become a living power; as Paul said, "Let us commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." That is the way to get the laity; and this is not impossible. I have had no difficulty in getting the laity in the last twenty years' experience.

Neither had I any difficulty in Toronto. I came to Toronto on the crest of an extraordinary spiritual wave. Moody had not been there; no revival had been there; the movement that burst out in New York in the sixties and seventies came years later in Canada; I happened to be the match that lit the fire—that is all. If I were to go to Toronto to-day and preach the sermons I preached twenty-five years ago, I could not get the people at all in the same way. I firmly believe that if you keep constantly before men the truth that the essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Love of God, and therefore the brotherhood of men, they will respond to it; there will be a great and growing response.

Just as there is a difference between the preaching needed to-day and that needed when I began to preach, so there is a difference between the sort of call upon people a minister should make to-day and that made a generation or so ago. My visiting of course began in the East of London and in Norwich, the eastern part of England; and in those days the people expected the visits to be of a distinctly clerical, professional type. I remember I made it a rule in those early days that, if possible, I would never visit without praying or reading the Bible, and that was the common expectation of the people on whom I called. I sometimes found it very irksome, but I went through with it from a sense of duty. I made it a rule in those early days never to go into a railway carriage without trying to read my Bible, or talk to people about their souls. It was a terrible standard I set for myself, and caused me much trouble. I fear it was not very acceptable to my neighbors; but I stuck at it until I saw a better way. That sort of thing did not have the appearance of unreality nor seem as unreasonable thirty years ago as it would to-day; it would not be possible now here in the States, and I doubt whether there is as much of that sort of thing in England.

And yet, in a modified way, I still try to pursue that policy. I think the smoking-room of a Pullman car affords a great many opportunities for earnest conversation. One naturally begins with politics, then the next step is sociology, which is the first cousin to religion. I recall an extraordinarily interesting conversation that I had in a Pullman car two or three years ago. I

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had been preaching at Yale, and got into the New Haven train. There were three or four men in the smoking-room; we talked politics, and then slipped gradually into an earnest sociological discussion and so into a religious one. I was led on from step to step until I dwelt on what I have already said has been an immense power in my life—the relation of man to God because he is man; of the Fatherhood of God; that men were children of God, not because they had been converted or baptized, but because they were born the children of God; and as I went on, I suppose I put a certain sense of energy and earnestness into what I said. At any rate, after I had been talking about three-quarters of an hour, one of the men arose (they were all perfect strangers to me), wrung my hand, and said: "I've got to get out here, sir; but I want to thank you, and to say to you that I am a Senior Warden of an Episcopal church, and I have never heard that before, and that is God's truth." I would not think of getting into a train and pulling out my pocket Bible, or talk to people about their soul and ask them if they were saved, as I did years ago in England; such practices are impossible; but I do think there are great opportunities, if we are only ready to take them in our daily intercourse with our fellow-men, of bringing in such subjects, and generally you find them as ready for discussion as you are yourself. Then, such discussions are robbed of all professionalism—a great advantage.

I remember an illustration of the same thing in a very different environment, years ago when I was in the Far West. I was in a very wild part of the country; for five or six weeks I had been away from every kind of civilization, and of course I dressed as everybody else did there. One day I was riding with a friend (who was a lawyer, by the way) to the next United States Army post. I wore no coat; my shirt was heavily spattered with blood from butchering our own meat and carrying it into camp on my shoulders; just before we reached the post we met three or four rough Western fellows; they looked at me and at my friend, gave us the time of day, as they always do there, and passed on to where our outfit was behind; they hailed the drivers of our pack horses and said, "Who are those two fellows in front?" "One is a lawyer and the other's a parson." "Suppose the big fellow is the lawyer?" "No, he's the parson." "Well, he looks big enough to work for his living," they answered, as they rode on. I had a chance to speak to those same men at the post the next Sunday; and coming in contact with them in this absolutely natural way was a splendid introduction.

In regard to visiting by a rector in New York, often it is quite impossible to introduce the subject of religion at all; that is not the chief function—the thing is to come in touch with the people—to break the ice and know the life we are trying to appeal to; only when we know and understand it are we in a position to appeal to it wisely and well. Most clerical appeal is insufficient because the clergyman does not know, and most clerical intercourse with the people is so horribly professional that the clergyman never learns. I always say to my younger clergy, "Let us try to be natural." That is the only way to succeed with them. We have got to know these people before we can help them, and we cannot know them unless we come in contact with them; a great city like this does not offer any opportunities of knowing people except by visiting. In many cases, when you get to know them well, you can go right into the home and magnify your office, and preach, and speak, and pray. I can cite an interesting illustration. One of my assistants had been visiting for some time a man, a noble sort of fellow, who had been through the war and had fallen into ill health through the results of a heroic effort to save three men fallen down a well into a poisonous vapor—the strain on his heart and lungs had been so terrible; and, as I said, one of my assistants had been visiting him for years. He would talk to him of the weather, the events of the day, and all sorts of things—never of religion; but instinctively the sick man knew the young man came to him as a friend and a brother. My assistants do not wear clericals, as a rule; they can if they wish, but they usually follow my example. After fully two years' constant visiting, this brave old man—for he suffered bravely—said to my assistant: "I want the Holy Communion; I never was baptized in the Episcopal Church, but though I have not

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been baptized in the Episcopal Church, don't you think I could take the Holy Communion?" And he added later: "You are the only minister I ever asked for the Communion." A beautiful result of wise and patient visiting for years. I know, too, that the bravery and fortitude with which the old man bore his sufferings was of immense help to the young clergyman. Often the visitor gets as much benefit as those who are visited. I have made it a rule with myself, whenever I feel particularly depressed and down-hearted—as we all feel at times—to go visiting. I don't like it; I have to spur myself to do it; but I do not know of any better stimulant for the soul than to visit sad, sick, and suffering people; it is an immense help. I urge visiting for that reason; not merely because it helps the poor people, but because it is of great benefit to the visitor.

In St. George's Church we do not urge the Holy Communion on any one, but it is a great help; and to those brought up in the Lutheran Church, or in our Church, it is an immense help as a confession of faith. Of course in a great many churches private communion is urged; we do not do that; but we hold ourselves ready at any time to administer it to those who seek it; we never urge it, as some churches do.

Practically, I have found my best material for my sermons in visiting. In talking with people I have found out the subjects about which they wished to be instructed; I have found out the mistakes they have made, and in the objections offered I have found my text. I have also found it very helpful to bring up in conversation, while visiting, the subject on my mind; and some of the very best suggestions and the best points I have made afterwards I have gained by contact with people in visiting. We do not fully appreciate the value of knowing people—how they live and what they think. Just as the sonship of man to God is only about dawning on men's minds to-day, so it follows that the brotherhood of men to one another, which follows after the first, has not yet been accepted at all; and it seems to me that the constant intercourse I have spoken of affords all sorts of opportunities to illustrate this revolutionary gospel and press it home. The brotherhood of man is a gospel that is not preached yet; it is not understood, but it is bound to come because of the sonship of man to God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Types of the Unemployed

By Percy Alden

Honorary Warden of Mansfield Settlement, London

BALZAC in "Père Goriot" refers to "dramas that go on and on." Such are the tragedies of the unemployed, recurring with monotonous iteration during every period of industrial depression.

Almost my first experience of East London was a visit to the Dock Gates in the Custom-House district some thirteen years ago. It was a raw, cold winter morning, and at 6 A.M. a northeaster was sweeping with such force over the waters of the Albert Dock that I began to regret my rashness in coming out at that early hour without a sufficiently thick overcoat. A small steam ferry took me to the south side and landed me near a ship that had been berthed soon after midnight, and was now discharging her cargo, which consisted chiefly of products of the Far East.

About ninety extra men were to be taken on, and I naturally expected to see some inconsiderable surplus of labor; but as I reached the end of the dock-shed I saw, to my surprise, a struggling and seething mass of humanity—nearly a thousand men—facing the foreman who was vainly endeavoring to make a selection from the ranks of the workingmen. A very few minutes sufficed, for proper selection was impossible.

It was a sickening spectacle. If an envoy from a savage tribe in central Africa had been told that these men, with faces bleeding and clothes torn in the mad rush to obtain a ticket, had been fighting for the privilege of a few hours'

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work, he would have surely smiled at this pitiful outcome of our civilization.

Some of the big-limbed and slouching claimants for work were obviously bucolic. Addressing one of them, I found that he was from a farm not one hundred miles from Braintree in Essex, and had been compelled to come up to London owing to the fact that the farmer who had employed him, from the time he was a boy sent into the fields to scare away birds, had been unable any longer to find work for him. It was the old story of land going out of cultivation and being laid down in grass. The man, with his wife and three children, had trekked to London. Unable to find regular employment, he had drifted with the tide of casuals to the Dock Gates. The wife eked out her husband's precarious earnings of less than twelve shillings a week by charing and washing. I paid her a visit, and found her two small rooms spotlessly neat and clean. She had not yet accustomed herself to the dirt and smoke of London, and fought for her ideal of cleanliness with the energy of despair. Like Dr. Johnson's washerwoman, she had little time to weep, for when I remarked that it was almost heartbreaking to have to slave all day, leaving her children without a mother's care and attendance, she grimly observed:

"If I don't work they will starve, and I have no time to think about my heart or anything else but just how to keep the wolf from the door."

Several years after, I lighted on the same couple in a still slummier district. I found that degeneration had set in—East London had claimed its own. Both man and wife had been assimilated to their environment; hopelessness had led to drink, and drink had created a still more direful form of poverty. The one room which they occupied was filthy and comfortless. The two remaining children (one had happily died) were by this time genuine slum children. Upon their old-world wizened faces was stamped the hall-mark of the East End, for poverty brands the children whom she adopts.

The story is typical of the fate of many thousands who have left the farm and the sleepy village for the noisy factory and town. Some of them migrated into the big towns because village life was monotonous and dull. To them the city was a kind of Eldorado where fortunes were readily made and where work was to be found whenever it was wanted.

London is a huge magnet whose attractive power is irresistible. It is a leviathan which yearly swallows up with voracious maw thousands of men, women, and children. There are many, like the laborer I have mentioned, who leave village and hamlet because derelict farms and waste lands can no longer sustain the tillers of the soil, whose ancestors reaped and sowed ages ago in merry England.

The problem has not changed during the last twenty years, except that it has become increasingly perplexing and difficult. During one decade forty thousand acres of land went out of cultivation in the county of Essex. London grows apace like some gigantic fungus. Considerably less than half a century ago it was possible in South West Ham, the extreme East of London, to shoot wild fowl upon the marshes which are now smothered with thousands of small brick boxes in which men, women, and children exist. Everywhere mean streets drag their weary length along the riverside and dock. It is the apotheosis of the sordid.

To-day in East London twenty thousand casual laborers compete for work at the docks; a third of them may find that work during the twenty-four hours, the rest go empty and hungry away. Thousands of these men have come from the country districts, and many are still racy of the soil and longing to go back to the land that would at any rate give them a decent and honest livelihood if only the opportunity of work were found. It ought not to be beyond the reach of statesmanship to find useful employment on the land for all who are willing to return, and we may depend upon it that until we have taken this step we have not touched even the fringe of the unemployed problem. "An unemployed man," said Sir John Gorst on one occasion, "whether he is a Duke or a docker, is living on the community. If you set him to grow food, he is enriching the community by what he produces. Therefore, my idea is that the direction in which a remedy for the unemployed evil is to be sought is in the production of food."

Here is the idle laborer, and there the vacant land. A careful selection of these

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men should be made, and derelict farms purchased by the Government. On these lands they should be established with their wives and families, and if necessary subsidized for the first few years while these village settlements are reclaiming the waste places. The construction of garden villages and garden cities is only a matter of time and patience, but I very much fear that front-bench men are lacking in imagination, and in all probability the initiative will have to come from below and not from above.

It is not merely "the man with the hoe" who finds the city a stern and pitiless parent. *He* is only an adopted child; what of those who are born in her midst?

A procession of about five thousand unemployed has just passed the house. Four abreast they march—these wrecks of humanity. It was almost the saddest sight under God's heaven, these ghosts of men that were. "The scum of the earth," mutters the cynic. Granting that this is the case for the sake of argument (though I do not admit it), who made them so? As they shuffle hopelessly and wearily along, half of them seem to be too weak and anæmic to work. It would take six months of fresh air and good food before they were fit to do a spell of real hard labor.

During the severe winter of 1895 I acted as Honorary Secretary of an unemployed Relief Works Committee in West Ham, which gave some thousands of men employment in laying out cricket pitches and football grounds and in planting trees along the streets of the borough.

Many of these men were found to be too ill and weak to work until they had been fed up, and those who had been unused to such labor struggled on with bleeding hands and aching backs.

Even those who were unwilling to work were men who once might have been made useful servants of the community if they had been systematically employed and trained before it was too late. You cannot get a good day's work out of a man whose strength has deteriorated owing to lack of food, and whose morale has been undermined by want of employment.

How much does the average West-Ender know of the lives of these laboring folk—where born, how reared and fed and clothed? Who is responsible, the man or his parents, that he was born the son of a casual docker? Maybe neither; possibly the guilt rests upon the society that does so little to remove the many blots on its escutcheon.

I once knew just such a man, born and bred in Limehouse—his father an ignorant docker, whose work, to say the least of it, was irregular. The wages of the father, Charles M., averaged fifteen shillings a week. He and his wife, a well-meaning but somewhat futile woman, had five children; the youngest was the man I knew for several years. He told me that when under ten years of age he helped his father and mother by working all day Saturday to eleven o'clock at night and all Sunday morning in a barber's shop as lather-boy. It is quite possible that here he sowed the seeds of the consumption that gradually laid its hand upon him. As soon as he was old enough to go to the docks he became a "casual." It was the usual commonplace story of loafing and lounging, of no work and overwork. One bitterly cold, wet night, while "working a ship" that was going out on the morning's tide, he contracted a chill and went home to his wretched one-roomed tenement to linger out the rest of his life.

The struggle to live or to die lasted two years, during which time he did little or no work. The night he died he sent for me about one o'clock, and there, in that little mean room—the sole furniture a bed, a broken chair, a saucepan, and two or three cups and plates—he told me the pitiful story of his wasted existence. It was a sad contrast to the picture torn from some illustrated magazine and pinned over the mantel-shelf, which represented a scene in a West End ball-room. I leaned over him and asked him—his wife standing near by with a hopeless look upon her careworn face—how he had managed to live during the past two years, for I had lost sight of him for a while. "Well, sir," he said, in a weak, gasping voice, "my pal Jim, wot lives down below—he used to work alongside me in the docks—when I was took ill, he said, 'You come along with me, Bill; I'll take care of you;' and for two years, sir, he has given me and my missus board and lodging for nothing."

The man died that day, and when I

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went to thank the good Samaritan who lived down below, he merely shook my hand and said:

"I don't need no thanks. We working chaps have got to help a man what's down on his luck. He'd 'a' done just the same for me if I'd been in the same fix, and I couldn't bear to send him to the workhouse."

"Misguided sentiment!" some good people may say. Perhaps it was, but all the same I wish there were a little more of it among our legislators, among the people who have power and influence and money.

The question I would like such to put to themselves is this: How far are we responsible for this enormous army of irregulars whose dirge-like chant is—

"Us the naked night
Slays from street to street."

Schiller's Moor soliloquizes, "O Heaven, that I could be as one of these day-laborers!" If he had known what the life of a day-laborer in East London really was, he might have changed his mind on the subject. It is not the actual toil that is the difficulty, it is the weary looking for work and finding it not. It is because no man hath hired us that we stand here at the street corner all the day idle.

It must never be forgotten that the question of unemployment is not merely a question of so many hundreds and thousands of idle men, or so many millions of wasted days. The fact that is too often lost sight of was emphasized the other day by a large employer of labor.

"There are," he said to me, "fifty-five per cent. of skilled men out of work just now. During the long spell of idleness any one of these men invariably deteriorates. In some cases the deterioration is very marked. The man becomes less proficient and less capable, and the universal experience of us all who have to do with large numbers of workingmen is that nothing has a worse effect upon the caliber of such men than long spells of idleness."

The men themselves are not wholly to blame if in the end, as a result of such disorganization in our industrial system, they have become inefficient, ineffective factors in the work of production.

Once a man has fallen out of the race, he continues to fall. "When a rich man has fallen, he hath many helpers," but the poor man who stumbles has very few who will take the pains to lift him up.

In any case, he must be lifted up in the right way. It is not charity, but constructive statesmanship, that is required. Charity has become a byword and a reproach; we need that our charity should take the form of associated effort on the part of both local and national authorities. It is not charity that the workingman asks for, but merely scant justice. "Before you condemn," he says in effect, "give me the opportunity of work."

There are few occasions that I can recall with any degree of satisfaction when charity seemed to injure neither the recipient nor the giver. I remember on a certain day, during the winter I have already alluded to, that a man came into my office whom I had known fairly well some years before. He was a stevedore, and he came for relief, like many hundreds of others during those dark days.

"Charlie," I said to him as he entered the room, "you are the last man I expected to see."

He was a tall, gaunt man with a hard, set face, and the effort to come and ask for help had evidently been very great. He began to tell me his story; as I knew him so well, I could easily fill up the gaps for myself. He had met with an accident in the docks, a compound fracture which involved many months of pain and uselessness. Finally he ran out of all benefits, pawned and sold all his little household gods, and then, as "a last straw," when he was once more able to work, there settled down on London a long and continued frost.

I stopped him as he was telling the story and gave him assistance, feeling that he deserved far more help than I could render. I think he felt the regard and the sympathy behind the gift, for suddenly his face began to soften and his lip to quiver; then, without warning, his head fell forward on his arms and he sobbed like a little child. Perhaps there is no harm in confessing that he was not the only man crying in the room.

I felt then and I feel now that, however careful we are in the distribution of charity, it is no solution whatever of the problem, and we ought to feel devoutly

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thankful if it does not injure the recipient. Justice to the willing worker and the welfare of the nation alike demand that productive work should be found and offered to all who are able to work.

As to a remedy, or remedies, it is sufficient to say that our civilization would be absolutely discredited if there had been no solutions to offer at the National Conference which was held in the Guildhall, London, on February 27 and 28 last. Many suggestions were there made for meeting the difficulties which this complex problem presents. Some of these suggestions, I feel sure, may be found helpful, and if the Government could only be induced to set itself resolutely to the task of helping the genuine unemployed, it would have the hearty and enthusiastic support of the nation in its attempt.

The Childless Church

By Charlotte Brewster Jordan

AMONG the various theories advanced to account for the increasing falling off in church interest, there is one reason which is largely responsible for this deplorable condition of things which is yet almost universally ignored. This reason is not peculiar to the city church, to the workingman's church, to the conservative, sectional, or suburban church. It is inherent in each; it cuts off the future of all. It lies in the fact that the church of to-day is becoming a practically childless church.

It is an organization which deliberately throws away its golden opportunity of stimulating the intelligent devotion of the ranks from which all future congregations must be drawn. It is progressive with its order of service, its choral uniform, its individual communion service, and its methods of raising money for various missions; but what progress has it made in rendering its service magnetic to the children who enter its walls only under compulsion? Appealing more or less to the intelligence of the adult, the modern church, while exacting regular attendance of the child, and upbraiding bitterly if it be lacking, fails to bestir itself either to awaken or to retain the child's loving interest in church matters. Its youthful congregations are expected to learn what they can through some blind system of absorption, and through the habit of enforced attendance to develop the love of church-going and worship.

Ask any truthful child in America whether he would rather go to church or to the circus. Ponder on the overwhelming reply, and probe for the remedy. Go about it logically, in a businesslike way, and with the independent sanity which characterizes the general attitude toward other matters relating to the symmetrical development of childhood. Does it not all come down to this: If we do not wish our children to prefer other recreations to church interests, we must look to it that our church services shall be more attractive than these other diversions? In other reforms it is customary to begin with the children. If our Church is dwindling, why not interest the children in its rebuilding? In the recent Spanish-American war the policy of Spain in sacrificing her tender youth to the exigencies of war was severely criticised. If it be impolitic for a national army to throw its seed-corn into the hopper, upon what grounds is such a proceeding justified in our Church army?

Many feel that when they have sent their children to Sunday-school they have fulfilled their whole duty. To many others the Sunday-school seems to have wandered (as was ably shown in an article in The Outlook a few years ago) far from its original purpose of affording Bible instruction to those having no home advantages, and is, therefore, largely accountable for much shirking of spiritual matters among capable but indolent parents. Even under the most ideal conditions the Sunday-school, while it may supplement, can never really take the place of, the church. As well expect the tender to take the place of the locomotive!

Many of the unawakened will doubtless point the finger of triumph to Children's Day, now a recognized annual feature in church work. Once a year the adults trim the church, train the children in

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song and recitation, and substitute this children's service for the regular morning session. In many instances I have known this elaborate celebration to last two hours and a quarter, very frequently two hours. And the prolonged strain of seriousness has begotten frantic restlessness and consequent misbehavior, and a positive hatred of all church functions. Even where this service is really one of joy, brief and interesting, causing no aching little legs nor rebellious little hearts to feel that they have been decoyed into enduring a performance worse than the stereotyped one, is it right that the children should feel that but one of the one hundred and four yearly sessions is reserved for their enjoyment? If we *wish* them to attend church but once a year, then a brief, well-conducted Children's Day might possibly answer our purpose; but since we wish them to attend fifty-two times a year, why should they not have fifty-two enjoyable services as their right?

To the mother breaking in her little ones to the church-going habit, there is a choice of four methods, each of which has serious drawbacks. First, she may calmly ignore their ill-adjusted existence, their aggressive restlessness, thereby causing unspeakable annoyance to the would-be worshipers in neighboring pews; or up her sleeve she may carry pencils and coils of string with which to punctuate the tedium of the service, or she may bribe the small feet up the steeps of spiritual form by means of earthly sweets periodically distributed; she may permit her children to file out of church just before the sermon begins, thereby strengthening the impression that the subtleties of discourse are not for childish minds; or, worst of all, she may train her children, by threat or bribery, to the attainment of that so-called good behavior in church which is really the masking of the far-away thought under the attitude and expression of attention. This last method of settling down to reverent inattention is really the most dangerous of the four courses, for it is a systematic laying of the foundation of mind-wandering, the bane of our maturer years. For this reason, a thoughtful parent, realizing too late that she had thus deliberately taught her children to simulate an external standard to which nothing internal corresponded, and so had fastened on them a habit of mind-detachment almost impossible to break, declared that if she had it to do over again, she would (since no service came down to the understanding of young children) keep them from church until they were twelve years old—old enough to give the service their intelligent attention. She believed that the truest evangelical doctrine is that out of the heart are the issues of life—not out of concession to uncomprehended forms. Whether we agree with her viewpoint or not, we cannot but open our eyes to the straits to which the inflexibility of the church puts its would-be adherents. The parent must take the church as she finds it, and no amount of expediency can alter the fact that in its present form it is insufferably dull and painful to the normal child. As well force a teething child to feed on roast beef as to expect a child's immature brain to relish the concentrated spiritual food offered in the regulation adult service.

The only course now open to the mothers is to insist upon attendance upon the church as it is; to insist upon the uncomplaining swallowing of bitter medicine. In other matters, do we give bitter medicine, expecting the child thus to acquire a relish for it which will render it indispensable to maturity? Is it not preposterous! It would be humorous were it not so pitiful. In any other enterprise, do we struggle to foster fondness through dislike? I say "struggle," for it is a weekly struggle in two-thirds of our so-called Christian homes. Children always have rebelled and always will rebel against attendance at a practically unintelligible service. This rebellion in maturity constantly swells the ranks of the non-church-goers. Do not the zealous parents who insist upon regular church-going in the belief that so they are forming a commendable habit, practically defeat the object which they so earnestly desire, by giving children a pronounced distaste for religious things? They make no allowance whatever for that recoil from rigidity which leads to laxity and indifference; they forget that the atmosphere of artificial unworldliness is entirely alien to child-nature. I believe that, if the statistics could only be ascertained, it would be found that insistence upon unsatisfied church-going makes ten renegades

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from the Christian army where it makes one recruit. It has been computed that not more than three per cent. of the male population of New York City are members of Protestant churches. Allowing for the large foreign population swayed by the powerful ritual of other churches, there is still a large percentage of absentees to be accounted for. Is it not reasonable to suppose that, had these men been kept in the Church in childhood through the force of love rather than through the force of a distasteful habit, they would not now be classed among "the spiritual restaurateurs," or the religious driftwood of a large city?

Do adults exact of themselves such a dose of unmitigated duty as they administer to their children? Do they not combine *some* spiritual refreshment with their sense of duty? Why, then, should the diminutive adult's part be one of duty only? Is it not possible to devise for them a weekly service where they may enjoy what their elders enjoy, adapted to their years and stage of development? Such a service *is* possible, with no pinchbeck attractiveness either, but based upon the solid beauties and substantial foundations of the Church glorious. There are a few sporadic instances of children's service founded upon the belief that far better results may be obtained from a weekly half-hour of joyous reverence than from a yearly two-hour session of joyless restraint; such services do exist, but they are pitiably rare.

In western New York there is such a weekly service—a real church service, no annual wretched travesty, two-fifths prosy address and three-fifths recitations, but a real Children's Day every Sunday in the year. Promptly at four o'clock the children enter the body of the church, singing, "Brightly gleams our banner." Then follows the regular church service, identical in its usual order, yet with each of its component parts as brief as may be. There is, for instance, but one Bible reading—some brief but interesting or strengthening selection. The hymns are the grand old church hymns—no religious two-steps—and they are printed in full on the leaflets with which each child is supplied. The choir and organist do what they can to lead and supplement the childish voices. The children pass the collection-baskets. The interminable prayer is omitted, but two earnest, simple prayers are offered, such as a little child in touch with its Father would be apt to utter. Then the sermon is preached as usual, from a text, yet is entirely within the comprehension of the little ones, no longer restless, because they are interested and because they know that this direct little talk never exceeds ten minutes, rarely eight. Happy in the consciousness that they have done right, they go out, singing with spirit "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The session lasts just forty-five minutes, and the children know that they can depend upon its *never* being prolonged. At the close there is an exquisite, truly sacred concert by the choir and organist for all who care to remain. To me, one of the most beautiful features of this children's church is the happy co-operative look on each child's countenance. It is *their* service; they are doing all in their power to make it an acceptable one. Do you think they would miss that afternoon church? Not if it could be helped. More than that, their parents would not miss it either. And not the least of the benefits arising from this service is that it is one which the entire family may enjoy. It is quite safe to assert, on the other hand, that when entire families attend the regulation service, several fail to enjoy it.

Contrast this voluntary service with the dreaded ordeal which the average child endures. By some mild form of intimidation, vague hints of punishment here or hereafter, he is inveigled into sitting out a service which, as far as he can see, has not the remotest connection with his eternal welfare. This is insisted upon by an otherwise gentle mother, strongly conscious of her child's viewpoint, yet haunted by a vague, compulsory feeling that, while there seems to be much bungling and maladjustment, still, since this order of things has been dragging along for many hundred years, it will probably be erring on the right side to stick to so well established a custom.

To those who believe in the economy of Christian effort, the children's weekly church service might well take the place of the numberless junior prayer-meetings attended by mere handfuls of the large number to be reached through the church.

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Or even the Sunday-schools where groups of children are at the mercy of different individuals might, if no other expedient suggest itself, give place to a Sunday afternoon service where the entire flock would be under the guidance of one spiritual shepherd.

In our city churches it would be easy enough to arrange an attractive Sunday afternoon service. The desire of large city populations for diversions within the pale of respectability is pitiably noticeable. Watch the crowds at the side door of the Academy of Music when a notorious preacher is advertised to speak! They come in throngs, and wait long and patiently in the biting wind until the doors are opened, filling the house as compactly as upon grand concert nights. Many are doubtless attracted entirely by the music, thereby proving the truth of George Herbert's lines—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

Be the initial attraction what it may, they seem also to enjoy all of a service so brief, so songful, and so entirely within the comprehension of the youthful mind as these popular meetings are apt to be.

In suburban churches a regular Sunday afternoon service for children might be substituted for the regular evening service. And if it be desirable to add the enthusiasm of numbers, the churches might unite in a union service, thereby giving the children an opportunity to witness a practical exposition of that interdenominational unity of which we read so much and see so little.

"But," argues a minister of experience, "it is all but impossible to round out a sermon or to elaborate a helpful thought in less than twenty minutes." Doubtless it is, and it would indeed be a great pity if the fine, trenchant sermons which spiritually uplift so many thousand persons should be maimed and curtailed, simply that our restless little ones may be appeased. Surely the highest ministerial efforts should not be suborned to the demands of the immature mind! No, a thousand times, no! But is it too much to ask that our little ones be fed, too? That mature sermons be reserved for the morning session, and that a Sunday afternoon service adapted to their limitations, requiring as much thought, though different in kind, be regularly set aside as the children's own?

In his able plea for rational methods of Sunday-school instruction, Patterson Du Bois, in his "The Point of Contact," says:

> The Sunday-school can as little afford to ignore or to repudiate those fundamental pedagogical laws upon which all great educators are now practically agreed, as can the secular school. Education is education, no matter what name the school goes by. The Sunday-school suffers from a hallucination that, because it is a religious institution, it must educate by some method peculiar to itself—a method which too easily presumes on God's willingness to make good our sentimentally lazy shortcomings.

What is true in Sunday-school matters is even more true in church matters. Lack of rationality has caused us habitually to overlook the enormous power of childhood as the factor of churchhood. Fifty years ago the same unreason prevailed regarding the initial schooling of little children. Froebel came to the rescue with his mother-instinct, and knowledge was thenceforth garbed so attractively that every little kindergartner hugs it to its heart. Would these little enthusiasts prefer three-hour sessions in kindergarten, with lessons arranged as varying diversions and outlets for childish restlessness, to the one and a quarter hours of modern church, unintelligible and slightly varied?

Let those who sincerely deplore the waning of church interest rise from their lethargy, bring reason to the rescue, and make the church an attractive spiritual home where children will love to go, of which they will have happy memories, to which they will wish to dedicate their children when they, in turn, become a part of the older, guiding church. Then will the transition from the loved church of childhood be gradual, almost unconscious, to the loved church of mature years.

The world waits for the coming of the one who will do for the children's church what Froebel did for the children's school. When that one comes, the reproach of the childless church shall be taken away. The Church will then rise in its might and renew its strength, and its place as the head of Christendom shall not be challenged as now. It will gather the little ones in its arms and so fulfill happily and intelligibly that request, now nearly two thousand years old—"Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not."

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THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter X.—Cloche

IMAGINE a many-armed lake, like a starfish, nested among rugged Laurentian hills whose brows are bare and forbidding, but whose concealed ravines harbor each its cool screen of forest growth. Imagine a brawling stream escaping at one of the arms, to tumble, intermittently visible among the trees, down a series of cascades and rapids, to the broad, island-dotted calm of the big lake. Imagine a meadow at the mouth of this stream, and on the meadow a single white dot. Thus you will see Cloche, a trading-post of the Honorable the Hudson Bay Company, as Deuce and I saw it from the summit of the hills.

We had accomplished a very hard scramble, which started well enough in a ravine so leafy and green and impenetrable that we might well have imagined ourselves in a boundless forest. Deuce had scented sundry partridges, which he had pointed with entire deference to the good form of a sporting dog's conventions. As usual, to Deuce's never-failing surprise and disgust, the birds had proved themselves most uncultivated and rude persons by hopping promptly into trees instead of lying to point and then flushing as a well-taught partridge should. I had refused to pull pistol on them. Deuce's heart was broken. Then, finally, we came to cliffs up which we had to scale, and boulders which we had to climb, and fissures which we had to jump or cross on fallen trees, and wide, bare sweeps of rock and blueberry-bushes which we had to cover, until at last we stood where we could look all ways at once.

The starfish thrust his insinuating arms in among the distant hills to the north. League after league, rising and falling and rising again into ever bluer distance, forest-covered, mysterious, other ranges and systems lifted, until at last, far out, nearly at the horizon height of my eye, flashed again the gleam of water. And so the starfish arms of the little lake at my feet seemed to have plunged into this wilderness tangle only to reappear at greater distance. Like swamp fire, it lured the imagination always on and on and on through the secret waterways of the uninhabited North. It was as though I stood on the dividing ridge between the old and the new. Through the southern haze, hull down, I thought to make out the smoke of a Great Lake freighter; from the shelter of a distant cove I was not surprised a moment later to see emerge a tiny speck whose movements betrayed it as a birch canoe. The great North was at this, the most southern of the Hudson Bay posts, striking a pin-point of contact with the world of men.

Deuce and I angled down the mountain toward the stream. Our arrival coincided with that of the canoe. It was of the Ojibway three-fathom pattern, and contained a half-dozen packs, a sledge-dog with whom Deuce at once opened guarded negotiations, an old Indian, a squaw, and a child of six or eight. We exchanged brief greetings. Then I sat on a stump and watched the portage.

These were evidently "woods Indians," an entirely different article from the "post Indians." They wore their hair long, and bound by a narrow strip or fillet; their faces were hard and deeply lined, with a fine, bold, far-seeing look to the eyes which comes only from long woods dwelling. They walked, even under heavy loads, with a sagging, springy gait, at once sure-footed and swift. Instead of tump-lines the man used his sash, and the woman a blanket knotted loosely together at the ends. The details of their costumes were interesting in combination of jeans and buckskin, broadcloth and blanket, stroud and a material evidently made from the strong white sacking in which flour intended for frontier consumption is always packed. After the first double-barreled

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"bo' jou', bo' jou'," they paid no further attention to me. In a few moments the portage was completed. The woman thrust her paddle against the stream's bottom and the canoe, and so embarked. The man stepped smoothly to his place like a cat leaping from a chair. They shot away with the current, leaving behind them a strange and mysterious impression of silence.

I followed down a narrow but well-beaten trail, and so at the end of a half-mile came to the meadow and the post of Cloche.

The building itself was accurately of the Hudson Bay type—a steep, sloping roof greater in front than behind, a deep recessed veranda, squared logs sheathed with whitewashed boards. About it was a little garden, which, besides the usual flowers and vegetables, contained such exotics as a deer confined to a pen and a bear chained to a stake. As I approached, the door opened and the trader came out.

Now, often along the southern fringe your Hudson Bay Trader will prove to be a distinct disappointment. In fact, one of the historic old posts is now kept by a pert little cockney Englishman, cringing or impudent as the main chance seems to advise. When you have penetrated farther into the wilderness, however, where the hardships of winter and summer travel, the loneliness of winter posts, the necessity of dealing directly with savage men and savage nature, develop the quality of a man or wreck him early in the game, you will be certain of meeting your type. But here, within fifty miles of the railroad!

The man who now stepped into view, however, preserved in his appearance all the old traditions. He was, briefly, a short black-and-white man built very square. Immense power lurked in the broad, heavy shoulders, the massive chest, the thick arms, the sturdy, column-like legs. As for his face, it was almost entirely concealed behind a curly square black beard that grew above his cheek-bones nearly to his eyes. Only a thick hawk nose, an inscrutable pair of black eyes under phenomenally hairy eyebrows, and a short black pipe showed plainly from the hirsute tangle. He was lock, stock, and barrel of the Far North, one of the old régime. I was rejoiced to see him there, but did not betray a glimmer of interest. I knew my type too well for that.

"How are you?" he said, grudgingly.

"Good-day," said I.

We leaned against the fence and smoked, each contemplating carefully the end of his pipe. I knew better than to say anything. The Trader was looking me over, making up his mind about me. Speech on my part would argue lightness of disposition, for it would seem to indicate that I was not also making up my mind about him. In this pause there was not the least unfriendliness. Only, in the woods you prefer to know first the business and character of a chance acquaintance. Afterwards you may ingratiate to his good will. All of which possesses a beautiful simplicity, for it proves that good or bad opinion need not depend on how gracefully you can chatter assurances. At the end of a long period the Trader inquired, "Which way you headed?"

"Out in a canoe for pleasure. Headed almost anywhere."

Again we smoked.

"Dog any good?" asked the Trader, removing his pipe and pointing to the observant Deuce.

"He'll hunt shade on a hot day," said I, tentatively. "How's the fur in this district?"

We were off. He invited me in and showed me his bear. In ten minutes we were seated chair-tilted on the veranda, and slowly, very cautiously, in abbreviated syncopation, were feeling our way toward an intimacy.

Now came the Indians I had seen at the lake to barter for some flour and pork. I was glad of the chance to follow them all in to the trading-room. A low wooden counter backed by a grille divided the main body of the room from the entrance. It was deliciously dim. All the charm of the Aromatic Shop was in the place, and an additional flavor of the wilds. Everything here was meant for the Indian trade—bolts of bright-patterned ginghams, blankets of red or blue, articles of clothing, boxes of beads for decoration, skeins of brilliant silk, lead bars for bullet-making, stacks of long brass-bound "trade guns" in the corner, small mirrors, red and parti-colored worsted sashes with tassels on the ends, steel traps of various sizes, and a dozen other articles to be desired by

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the forest people. And here, unlike the Aromatic Shop, were none of the products of the Far North. All that, I knew, was to be found elsewhere, in another apartment, equally dim, but delightful in the orderly disorder of a storeroom.

Afterwards I made the excuse of a pair of moccasins to see this other room. We climbed a steep, rough flight of stairs to merge through a sort of trap-door into a space directly under the roof. It was lit only by a single little square at one end. Deep under the eaves I could make out row after row of boxes and chests. From the rafters hung a dozen pair of snow-shoes. In the center of the floor, half overturned, lay an open box from which tumbled dozens of pairs of moose-hide snow-shoe moccasins. Shades of childhood, what a place! No one of us can fail to recall with a thrill the delights of a rummage in the attic; the joy of pulling from some half-forgotten trunk a wholly forgotten shabby garment which nevertheless has taken to itself from the stillness of undisturbed years the faint aroma of romance; the rapture of discovering in the dusk of a concealed nook some old spur or broken knife or rusty pistol redolent of the open road. Such essentially commonplace affairs they are, after all, in the light of our mature common sense, but such unspeakable ecstasies to the romance-breathing years of fancy. Here would no fancy be required. To rummage in these silent chests and boxes would be to rummage, not in the fictions of imagination, but in the facts of the most real picturesque. In yonder square box are the smoke-tanned shoes of silence; that velvet dimness would prove to be the fur of a bear; this birch-bark package contains maple sugar savored of the open wilds. Buckskin, both white and buff, bear's claws in strings, bundles of medicinal herbs, sweet-grass baskets fragrant as an Eastern tale, birch-bark boxes embroidered with stained quills of the porcupines, bows of hickory and arrows of maple, queer half-boots of stiff sealskin from the very shores of the Hudson Bay, belts of beadwork, yellow and green, for the Corn Dance, even a costume or so of buckskin complete for ceremonial—all these the fortunate Child would find were he to take the rainy-day privilege in this the most wonderful attic in all the world. And then, after he had stroked the soft fur, and smelled the buckskin and sweet grasses, and tasted the crumbling maple sugar, and dressed himself in the barbaric splendors of the North, he could flatten his little nose against the dim square of light and look out over the glistening yellow backs of a dozen birch-bark canoes to the distant, rain-blurred hills beyond which lay the country whence all these things had come. Do you wonder that in after years that child hits the Long Trail? Do you still wonder at finding these strange, taciturn, formidable, tender-hearted men dwelling lonely in the Silent Places?

The Trader yanked several of the boxes to the center and prosaically tumbled about their contents. He brought to light heavy moose-hide moccasins with high linen tops for the snow; lighter buckskin moccasins, again with the high tops, but this time of white tanned doeskin; slipper-like deerskin moccasins with rolled edges for the summer; oil-tanned shoe pacs, with and without the flexible leather sole; "cruisers" of varying degree of height—each and every sort of foot-gear in use in the Far North, excepting and saving always the beautiful soft doeskin slippers finished with white fawnskin and ornamented with the Ojibway flower pattern for which I sought. Finally he gave it up.

"I had a few pair. They must have been sent out," said he.

We rummaged a little further for luck's sake, then descended to the outer air. I left him, to fetch my canoe, but returned in the afternoon. We became friends. That evening we sat in the little sitting-room and talked far into the night.

He was a true Hudson Bay man, steadfastly loyal to the Company. I mentioned the legend of *la Longue Traverse;* he stoutly asserted he had never heard of it. I tried to buy a minkskin or so to hang on the wall as souvenir of my visit; he was genuinely distressed, but had to refuse because the Company had not authorized him to sell, and he had nothing of his own to give. I mentioned the River of the Moose, the Land of Little Sticks; his deep eyes sparkled with excitement, and he asked eagerly a multitude of details concerning late news from the Northern posts.

And as the evening wore, after the manner of Traders everywhere, he began to

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tell me the "ghost stories" of this station of Cloche. Every post has gathered a mass of legendary lore in the slow years, but this had been on the route of the *voyageurs* from Montreal and Quebec at the time when the lords of the North journeyed to the scenes of their annual revels at Fort Williams. The Trader had much to say of the magnificence and luxury of these men—their cooks, their silken tents, their strange and costly foods, their rare wines, their hordes of French and Indian canoemen and packers. Then Cloche was a halting-place for the night. Its meadows had blossomed many times with the gay tents and banners of a great company. He told me, as vividly as though he had been an eye-witness, of how the canoes must have loomed up suddenly from between the islands. By and by he seized the lamp and conducted me outside, where hung ponderous ornamental steelyards on which in the old days the peltries were weighed.

"It is not so now," said he; "we buy by count, and modern scales weigh the provisions. And the beaver are all gone."

We re-entered the house in silence. After a while he began briefly to sketch his own career. Then, indeed, the flavor of the Far North breathed its crisp bracing ozone through the atmosphere of the room. He had started life at one of the posts of the far Northwest. At the age of twelve he enlisted in the Company. Throughout forty years he had served her. He had traveled to all the strange places of the North, and claimed to have stood on the shores of that half-mythical lake of Yamba Tooh.

"It was snowing at the time," he said, prosaically; "and I couldn't see anything, except that I'd have to bear to the east to get away from open water. Maybe she wasn't the lake. The Injins said she was, but I was too almighty shy of grub to bother with lakes."

Other names fell from him in the course of talk, some of which I had heard and some not, but all of which rang sweet and clear with no uncertain note of romance. Especially haunts my memory an impression of desolate burned trees standing stick-like in death on the shores of Lost River.

He told me he had been four years at Cloche, but expected shortly to be transferred, as the fur was getting scarce, and another post one hundred miles to the west could care for the dwindling trade. He hoped to be sent into the Northwest, but shrugged his shoulders as he said so, as though that were in the hands of the gods. At the last he fished out a concertina and played for me. Have you ever heard, after dark, in the North where the hills grow big at sunset, *à la Claire Fontaine* crooned to such an accompaniment, and by a man of impassive bulk and countenance, but with glowing eyes?

I said good-night, and stumbled, sight-dazed, through the cool dark to my tent near the beach. The weird minor strains breathed after me as I went.

"*A la claire fontaine*
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné,
Li y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

The next day, with the combers of a howling northwesterly gale clutching at the stern of the canoe, I rode in a glory of spray and copper-tasting excitement back to Dick and his half-breed settlement.

But the incident had its sequel. The following season, as I was sitting writing at my desk, a strange package was brought to me. It was wrapped in linen sewn strongly with waxed cord. Its contents lie before me now—a pair of moccasins fashioned of the finest doeskin, tanned so beautifully that the delicious smoke fragrance fills the room, and so effectively that they could be washed with soap and water without destroying their softness. The tongue-shaped piece over the instep is of white fawnskin heavily ornamented in five colors of silk. Where the top joins the foot the slipper is worked over and over into a narrow cord of red and blue silk. The edge about the ankle is turned over, deeply scalloped, and bound at the top with a broad band of blue silk stitched with pink. Two tiny blue bows at either side the ankle ornament the front. Altogether a most magnificent foot-gear. No word accompanied them, apparently, but after some search I drew a bit of paper from the toe of one of them. It was inscribed simply: "Fort la Cloche."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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THE BOOKS OF A SEASON

A Record and Review

THE present publishing season does not promise a large number of books of permanent value—a fact which will bring no distress to the lovers of good literature. There are far too many books issued for the interests of good writing or of thoughtful readers. A large proportion of the volumes of fiction and of verse published would better remain in manuscript for the kindly perusal of friends. Many are not badly written, but they lack reality, freshness, force, or beauty. Vital books, or books which bear the touch of art, appear every season; but they are almost lost in a mass of publications which have no real claim on public attention. These last are fairly well written, but they are essentially commonplace in thought, feeling, and form. Among the serious works of the spring must be counted the volumes of Carlyle and Darwin letters, the biography of Bishop Westcott, the studies in contemporary biography by Mr. Brice, Georg Brandes's account of Poland, the initial volume of Mr. Liddell's edition of Shakespeare and the earlier issues of the First Folio Shakespeare, the Centenary Edition of Emerson's works, Mr. Foster's "American Diplomacy in the East," Mr. Chadwick's biographical study of Channing, "A New Book of Essays" by that clever young English journalist, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Professor Flint's "Agnosticism," Dr. William Adams Brown's "The Essence of Christianity," Professor Hilprecht's "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," Dr. W. DeWitt Hyde's little book entitled "Jesus' Way," and President H. C. King's "Theology and the Social Consciousness." Some of these have already been reviewed, others are spoken of in this issue, a few must be treated later.

The New Novels

Among the host of novels a small group of significant works may be selected. Mr. James Lane Allen's new story, "Crypts of the Heart" (Macmillan), is promised for the early summer, and is understood to be a careful and interesting study of character presented with the charm of style which is the possession of the author of "Flute and Violin." This story is certain to take a foremost place among recent novels. A good deal is expected in connection with Mr. Jack London's "Call of the Wild" (same publishers), which is regarded as the best piece of work which this forcible writer has given the public, and as likely to make a deep impression by reason of its power and its unusual theme. It tells, with intimate human association, the story of a great and noble dog who is stolen from a range in southern California, carried to Alaska, slowly changes his nature under brutal treatment, moves further and further away from civilization, and at last consorts with wolves and becomes a creature of the wild as his ancestors were before him. This remarkable story, full of incident and of striking descriptions of life and landscape in the far north, contains a deep truth which is embedded in the narrative and is all the more effective because it is never obtruded. The appearance of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's collection of short stories, "The Under Dog," will be awaited with interest by the wide circle of readers who have learned to expect from this vigorous and accomplished writer fresh incident, direct style, vivacity, genuine feeling, and abundant humor. (Scribners.)

The discussion about the indebtedness of Mrs. Ward to the "Correspondence of Mlle. de Lespinasse" for some of the material in "Lady Rose's Daughter" (Harpers) ought not to divert attention from the real issue—the quality and vitality of the novel. Concerning these things there can hardly be two opinions, however wide may be the differences of judgment touching particular incidents in the tale. It is far and away the best piece

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of fiction that Mrs. Ward has given the world; and that is saying much, for she is a woman of great ability, a tireless and exacting worker, and a most conscientious artist. In construction, contrast of character, variety, and freshness, above all, in lightness of touch and ease of mood, Mrs. Ward has done nothing which ranks with her latest novel. "Lady Rose's Daughter" deals with a very complex character, with many elements which were difficult to harmonize, and with a moral problem not easily solved. She has scored a notable success under very exacting conditions. Her novel is profoundly interesting; it moves forward not only with dramatic unity, but with increasing intensity of emotion; and the moral question is fairly met and answered. The story bears the marks of distinction throughout; it is, from many points of view, a novel of unusual significance. Its connection with the well-known letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse may be dismissed with a very brief comment: Mrs. Ward got from those letters a study of a very unusual and interesting temperament, hints of several relationships or incidents of importance, and occasional descriptions and analyses of emotion. This she had a perfect right to do so long as no concealment of her indebtedness was made or intended. The correspondence is so well known that a woman of Mrs. Ward's intelligence—to say nothing of her character—would never have dreamed of using such accessible material without detection; the first name of the heroine is taken from the correspondence; and the correspondence is mentioned several times in the novel. Mrs. Ward's mistake was in not foreseeing the criticism of those literal people who never understand a writer's intention or attitude unless it is stated in words of one syllable, and prefacing her story with a note explaining the use she had made of a well-known publication.

Since the publication of "Red Rock" Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has given us several short stories, but nothing so important as "Gordon Keith" (Scribners)—a novel of serious purpose and generous dimensions, crowded with actors and full of incident. The South has had no such studious and thorough interpreter of the successive stages of its life as Mr. Page. In his earlier short stories, of which "Mars Chan" and "Meh Lady" are delightful examples, he recalled the charm of the old régime, with its gracious hospitality, its generous ideals of life, the touch of the chivalrous in its manners and speech. In "Red Rock" the conditions which prevailed during the so-called Reconstruction period were presented with convincing clearness; and the misery, humiliation, and anarchy of those years of misgovernment were sketched with a firm hand. In "Gordon Keith" the new South comes into view, and the conditions of twenty years ago are reproduced from first-hand knowledge and in the fullest detail. Gordon Keith, the son of an old Virginia planter of the bluest blood, is brought face to face, at the close of the Civil War, with the wreck of the family fortunes, the destruction of the old social order, the dispersion of the old society, the disappearance of the world in which his fathers had lived. He inherited the best traditions of the vanished life—its keen sense of honor, its chivalrous feeling toward women, its courtesy, its courage. With these traditions and loyal to the ideals they have bred in his soul, the young Virginian quietly accepts the changes which have taken place, adjusts himself to the new conditions, and works out his deliverance with high-minded resolution and courage. The novel is a study of the spirit of the old South dealing strongly and successfully with modern conditions. It is, above all, a portrait of an American gentleman; a man whose integrity has ripened into that finest of fine things—a delicate and real sense of honor.

Mr. Page has the courage of emotions as well as of convictions, and has filled his story with incident and adventure; shifting the scene rapidly from tidewater Virginia to the mountains where Gordon teaches school and has his first love affair, to the newly exploited section where a mining town springs up like a gourd in a night, and to the city of New York, where society and Wall Street are described with many effective touches and much wholesome satire. "Gordon Keith" is, in fact, a good, old-fashioned romance with some improbabilities of plot; a genuine, uncompromising love story, with strong contrasts of character and a

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great variety of happenings of many kinds. It is not equally convincing in all parts, and it lacks, by reason of the material with which it deals, the charm which invests "Meh Lady" and has given it a place among American classics; but it is a strong, sincere, and deeply interesting novel of character and of manners as well.

A more striking contrast in manner, method, and selection could hardly be found than that which exists between "Gordon Keith" and Mr. Henry James's latest volume, "The Better Sort" (Scribners). This group of short stories shows Mr. James at his best, in comparison with his later work. The charm of "The Passionate Pilgrim" is not on these tales, nor can any one of them be ranked with "The Real Thing;" but they are admirable studies of the subtle and complex problems of character and temperament with which Mr. James loves to deal. Much of his later work has been the joy of those who delight in psychology under the impression that they are reveling in literature. "The Wings of a Dove," as fiction, was quite beyond the limit of the art whose chief function is to deepen and freshen the sense of life—to interpret, portray, and suggest simply, lucidly, nobly, and convincingly. These stories are less obscure and are written in a much better style than "The Wings of a Dove." Two or three of them really make their drift and movement clear, and all of them abound in those delicate touches and shadings of which Mr. James is a master.

To open the attractively made reprint of Mr. Arthur Cosslett Smith's two recent stories, "The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert," after reading "The Better Sort," is to emerge suddenly from a very rich, dim interior to the light and beauty of a terrace overlooking an Italian garden. There is a suspicion of artificiality in the surroundings; but how clear the sky is and how delightful the prospect! These stories, like "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," are not made of the substance of human life, but are skillfully devised and delicately made objects of art, which give us delight by reason of the deftness of their workmanship and the vivacity and charm of their manner. (Scribners.)

The intellectual refinement and delicacy of a thoroughly trained New England mind have rarely been more interestingly disclosed than in Miss Annie Eliot Trumbull's latest story, "Life's Common Way," a study of a group of people in a small New England city who are thrown into very intimate relations by reason of the long living together of the families, by affinities of taste, and by circumstances. The story is not only a very keen study of character, but it is full of capital satirical touches on the excesses and extravagances of the so-called modern woman, with incidental comments on those features of women's clubs and associations which mark what might be called the overflow of the movement for liberation. Miss Trumbull's wit is the true New England type—clear, keen, delicate. The heroine of the story, Ursula, is a charming creature, whose mind plays with almost infallible precision, who is sure to say the most effective thing at the critical moment, and of whose talk the reader never tires. It might have been difficult to live up to her, but it is extremely interesting to live with her in a book. "Life's Common Way" is written with the utmost care; is subtle without being too subtle, and refined without being over-refined. It must be counted one of the best pieces of work of the season. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

It must be admitted that M. Zola in his later books carried to an excess the elaboration of detail, and came to ignore altogether a thing to which he never paid much attention—the idea of unity, proportion, and construction. His last book, "Truth," is, accordingly, laborious reading; it is an argument illustrated by fictitious incidents rather than a novel of character or action. Yet its relation to the Dreyfus case, in which the author played the noble part of champion of justice, and its denunciation of clericalism in education and politics, make it worthy of attention. It parallels the Dreyfus case in part only; the author, whether from tact or because he hated clericalism worse than the corrupt army ring, entirely eliminated the latter element from his story. The hero is a Jewish schoolmaster falsely accused of a hideous crime really committed by a priest; to save the priest the whole power of the Church is exerted—perjury, subornation of testimony, villainy of every kind, all are used without compunction by those high in authority. The convic-

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tion, torture on a penal island, agitation for a rehearing, and final partial exculpation of the Jew, follow the Dreyfus facts rather closely. The minute study of clerical influence on schools has a direct bearing on the Associations laws. Considered as an attack on the Church as it exists in France, the book is weak because of its passion and the extreme positions taken; charges of immorality on a large scale are based on purely imaginative or fictional dramatic episodes; altogether too much is assumed to be true without the adducing of evidence. It is quite clear that in this way a novel may be made to appeal to prejudice and passion altogether unfairly; and, making all allowance for M. Zola's earnestness and fundamental love of justice, "Truth" still leaves the impression of being only half truth and half bitter and probably unjust denunciation. (John Lane.)

"The Circle," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, has something more than promise; there is good actual performance, especially in the earlier chapters, which visualize characters and incidents in a quite unusual way and make the jaded novel-reader feel that the author has a power and a clear-cut method of her own. The principal woman character, Anna Solney, has life and an impulsive, eager personality that well fit her course around the "circle" of poverty, ambition, success, love, and self-abnegation. There are improbabilities in the plot, and in at least one character, Mrs. Maxstead, a lack of convincing reality, but all in all the story is out of the ordinary, and the reader leaves it with the feeling that the author may be looked to for other novels of serious value. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

When "The Leaven in a Great City" appeared, The Outlook reprinted one of its chapters, and commended it as a serious and well-considered attempt, based on thorough, first-hand knowledge, to describe conditions in tenement-house sections of New York, and the means and instruments, some in the experimental and some in a well developed stage, which have been shaped to meet those needs. Mrs. Betts has followed her first book by a second, "The Story of an East Side Family" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is primarily a story, with narrative and dramatic interest, with contrasted types of character, and involving a working out of motives, and the action and reaction on character, which constitute plot. Some of the chapters were first printed in The Outlook. As a story the book will win its own readers, who will find it fresh in feeling, vivid in its portraiture of character, and dealing with the fundamental problems of life. The book has, however, another interest. The material with which it deals will be new to far the greater majority of its readers. It is a story of life on the East Side. Usually in fiction of this kind the people whose lives are described are studied and reported from the standpoint of people in an entirely different station, and often with an unintentional but unmistakable air of condescension. In this book Mrs. Betts has studied the people from their own point of view; it is their own story that is told, and the characters are drawn from their own class, without the admixture of men and women of a different social training. It is realistic in the sense that it describes existing conditions with great detail, and with that fresh feeling which characterizes all Mrs. Betts's work of this kind. It is unlike most stories, however, in that it is a novel of growth—the record of an evolution of character. It begins with marriage, and traces the evolution of family life and the changes in conditions wrought by economy and intelligence on the part of the young man and woman whose story is told. This gives Mrs. Betts the opportunity of presenting the family life of the East Side as it is, with its own standards, its own point of view, its own social gradations, amusements, occupations, its virtues and its vices. In doing this she draws freely on her large and close observation and infuses into her narrative the vitality of her own sympathy with the men and women she presents.

We have already spoken of the charm and the unconventional personal narrative of Mr. Henderson's "John Percyfield" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a book with not a little of what is called "bumptiousness" Down East, with here and there pages or sentences that "rub the reader the wrong way," and with a touch of sentimentalism; yet as a book it pleases and even delights by its graceful description and vivid telling of personal experience and adventure; of Mr. Paul

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Gwynne's "The Pagan at the Shrine" (Macmillan), in which a singularly brilliant and witty rendering of Spanish village life serves as background for the tragedy of a priest's sin and penance; of Mr. Stewart Edward White's "Conjuror's House" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), which combines a curious picture of the conditions far North in the Hudson Bay Company's territory with a forcible story of danger and love; of Mr. G. C. Cook's "Roderick Taliaferro," an exciting romance of Mexico in Maximilian's time (Macmillan); of Mr. Irving Bacheller's story of country life called "Darrel" (Lothrop); of Mr. Will Harben's wholesome novel of North Georgia character, "The Substitute" (Harpers); of Alice C. Hegan's lively and amusing "Lovey Mary" (Century), which carries on some of the highly original creations of "Mrs. Wiggs" and introduces new ones; and of several other works of fiction which help redeem the recent lists of fiction from the too common and too broad charges of inferiority. Still other stories are spoken of in this issue under the head Books of the Week.

A Group of Noteworthy Books

The revised edition of the Variorum "Macbeth" (Lippincott), first published by Dr. Furness in 1873, is prefaced by a very interesting introductory note in which the editor calls attention to the fact that almost as many years now separate us from the first volume in this edition as, at the time of its publication, separated it from the Variorum edition of 1821; that during these years so much has been added in the way of criticism and illustration that the word "new" as applied to the earlier volumes has become almost misleading, and there is a demand for a "newest new" Variorum. Dr. Furness has used in all the Variorum editions so far, except the first four, the First Folio text; and this text is now substituted for the composite text originally used in the earlier "Macbeth." It will be remembered that Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., has been associated with his father in this great enterprise, which reflects the highest credit upon American scholarship. Upon him has devolved the work of revision; and he calls attention to the fact that the change to the First Folio text has necessitated a new collation of all the texts. The next play in this series, it is announced, will probably be "Richard III." Scholars and lovers of Shakespeare who are able to follow the work of Dr. Furness will be deeply interested in this note: "Surely, the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow with such conviction, as is now mine, that the younger hands are the better hands and that the work will be done more deftly in the future than in the past."

Mr. Laurence Hutton is one of the men who, like Charles Lamb, loves not only persons but places. He has what may be called the local genius; the feeling for Penates and the lesser gods; the happy faculty of getting at the significant details; those things which preserve the most intimate associations. In the list of "Literary Landmarks" which have come from Mr. Hutton's hands, nothing, on the whole, has been so attractive and so well done from the standpoint of happy use of rich material as "The Literary Landmarks of Oxford" (Scribners), a beautifully made book to the eye and a very interesting book to the imagination. It was written under the spell of the old university city, and it was written for the lovers of Oxford. Mr. Hutton spent a summer in Professor Max Müller's house and saturated himself with the atmosphere, studying each college individually, working up its traditions, learning its literary associations, and with the skill of an expert following all the clues. It is not the fashion in Oxford to know much about the literary associations of the college, as it is not the fashion for the men who live in the larger colleges to be aware of the existence of the smaller colleges. Oxford etiquette is as complicated and as unfathomable as the organization of some of the colleges; no man knows its principle, although a good many men know its practice. Mr. Hutton has taken the walks, gathered the material, and, although he deals with a

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great number of separate localities and with a large group of men who are not related to one another, has managed to give his account the narrative touch, and therefore the narrative interest. The illustrations are fascinating, and admirably interpret the text. There are some errors in the volume which have escaped the eye of the proof-reader.

Mr. James Bryce brings very full knowledge of his own time, the habit of a trained observer, and an admirably lucid style to his "Studies in Contemporary Biography" (Macmillan). These studies begin with Disraeli and close with Gladstone, and include portraits of Trollope, Parnell, J. R. Green, T. H. Green, Mr. Godkin, Cardinal Manning, Henry Sidgwick, and other well-known and interesting personalities. In every case Mr. Bryce has drawn the portrait of a friend; but friendship with Mr. Bryce, it is hardly necessary to say, does not mean blindness to limitation and defect. It means sympathy, but it also means intelligence—the two prime qualities in human portraiture, and, for that matter, in all criticism. The dispassionate spirit in which this volume is written, its clearness of analysis, and its human interest are indicated by this quotation from the study of Lord Beaconsfield:

> He felt himself no Englishman, and watched English life and politics as a student of natural history might watch the habits of bees or ants. English society was then, and perhaps is still, more complex, more full of inconsistencies, of contrasts between theory and practice, between appearances and realities, than that of any other country. Nowhere so much limitation of view among the fashionable, so much Pharisaism among the respectable, so much vulgarity among the rich, mixed with so much real earnestness, benevolence, and good sense; nowhere, therefore, so much to seem merely ridiculous to one who looked at it from without, wanting the sympathy which comes from the love of mankind, or even from the love of one's country. It was natural for a young man with Disraeli's gifts to mock at what he saw. But he would not sit still in mere contempt. The thirst for power and fame gave him no rest. He must gain what he saw every one around him struggling for. He must triumph over these people whose follies amused him; and the sense that he perceived and could use their follies would add zest to his triumph. He might have been a great satirist; he resolved to become a great statesman.

Mr. Georg Brandes is a brilliant if not always a trustworthy critic, combining the thoroughness of the modern physiological criticism with the freedom of the purely æsthetic critic. His study of Shakespeare is an example of painstaking investigation and of very free use of fancy. The series of volumes which he is now issuing on "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," upon which comment has been made in these columns, brings out very clearly both the fullness of his knowledge and his occasional audacity, not to say willfulness, of generalization. His latest volume, or the latest to be translated, "Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature" (Macmillan), is really a contribution to the series of "Main Currents," for it is essentially a study of the genius and temper of the Polish people. The volume records impressions gained in Poland during successive visits, with an appreciation of Polish literature of the last century, based on long study. Mr. Brandes, it is hardly necessary to say, is in profound sympathy with the Poles; for no man of imagination and of heart could be in that unhappy country without being touched and overshadowed by one of the greatest of national tragedies. He finds in Poland the finest and purest expression of the Slavonic genius and character, "the perfect blossom of the Slavonic race," and he interprets her as "a symbol of all which is best that the human race have thought and for which they have fought." The poetic temperament of the Pole, his extraordinary sensibility, his power of feeling, which make him the artist he has proved himself to be in so many fields, Mr. Brandes understands and conveys in these very interesting impressions. No modern man is more elusive than the Pole for readers of the English-speaking race, and none, perhaps, is more provoking to the imagination. His brilliancy, his sensitiveness, his apparent inconsistency, so admirably depicted by Cherbuliez, so splendidly offset by his long if unavailing resistance and by his passionate devotion to his country, are clearly brought out.

Mr. John C. Van Dyke has already written several volumes for the purpose of putting people of general intelligence who have not had the advantage of art education in the way of understanding nature and art. His latest volume, "The Meaning of Pictures" (Scribners), is an

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endeavor, in six chapters, to analyze clearly and simply the elements of painting, so as to enable the observer to see what is in a picture, to judge of its quality, and to feel its charm. Mr. Van Dyke discusses truth in painting, individuality, imagination, pictorial painting, decorative quality, and subject; and he succeeds in conveying a great deal of information without being didactic. His illustrations are drawn from the whole range of art. At times he is somewhat vague in statement; but the treatment is so essentially sound and rational that one is not disposed to linger over minor defects, but to commend the volume as a really successful endeavor not so much to popularize art as to enable the observer untrained in artistic matters to use his eyes, his imagination, and his intellect to good purpose. The volume is illustrated.

One of the most delightful foot-notes on contemporary history is Madame Mary King Waddington's "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," which have been appearing serially in "Scribner's Magazine." Madame Waddington, it will be remembered, was the daughter of the late Mr. Charles King, President of Columbia College. In 1874 she married M. Waddington, who was subsequently sent by the French Government as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the Czar, and held the position of French Ambassador at the English Court for ten years. Madame Waddington had, therefore, extraordinary opportunities of seeing court life and meeting distinguished people in all departments. She was a very clear-headed, sensible, keen-witted American woman, with an eye for the picturesque and with a very clear understanding of the conditions in which she was placed; not in any sense overawed by the splendor that surrounded her, but entering into court life with zest and appreciation of its unusual human phases. Her letters to her family, which have been collected in this book, gain rather than lose by their familiarity. The pictures which they give of Queen Victoria, of the members of her family, and of many contemporary royal personages on the Continent are well drawn; and the correspondence was well worth preserving in book form. (Scribners.)

There has been an undeniable increase of interest in the last few years in what are now called generically nature books. Among the books of this class of quite recent publication, special interest attaches to "The Story of a Bird Lover," by Mr. W. E. D. Scott, because the author—who is the curator of the Museum of Ornithology in Princeton University—gives a novel and immensely picturesque view of the relations between birds and human beings. Mr. Scott has for many years studied the habits of living birds, and for this purpose he has in his house at Princeton a collection of some four or five hundred living birds. This collection and Mr. Scott's methods and purposes of studying it are, we think, absolutely unique. In the present book one finds not only the result of the author's investigations, but a readable account of the explorations, travel experiences, and scientific observations of a man who has spent almost all his life in nature-study. (The Outlook Company.)

Readers of The Outlook know that Mr. Alfred Hodder's "A Fight for the City" not only presents the story of Mr. Jerome's campaign against Tammany and city corruption from the point of view of an eye-witness and participant, but that it also furnishes in a finished literary form a keen analysis of municipal dangers and a recognition of the direction where lies hope for the future. The chapters which originally appeared in The Outlook, together with some passages omitted in the serial publication, two entirely new chapters, and a most interesting preface, now appear in book form (Macmillan). It was fortunate that the subject was thus taken up by a writer who has the novelist's sense of humor and dramatic action as well as the political philosopher's ability to connect cause and effect, and with these something of Mr. Jerome's own burning hatred of oppression and love of civic righteousness. As Mr. Hodder says, the interest of this campaign is neither local nor ephemeral.

Among books of biographical or semi-biographical interest, in addition to the "Letters of Darwin" (Appleton), of which we hope to speak at length soon, and two or three other works spoken of elsewhere in this issue, there should be mentioned the "Life of Miss Yonge" (Macmillan), an adequate and interesting record of a sweet-

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natured and helpful personality, the "Life of Bret Harte," by T. E. Pemberton (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which, while unsatisfactory in some respects, still contains many extremely vivacious and characteristic letters, and Mr. Justin McCarthy's "British Political Portraits" (The Outlook Company), which affords excellent pen-pictures of Balfour, Chamberlain, Labouchere, Hicks-Beach, John Burns, Redmond, and many other leaders of British political opinion, drawn by one who has been their associate in Parliamentary life and who is a skilled literary craftsman.

Helen Keller[1]

THE student of life hardly needs to be assured that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," for too many evidences of the truth crowd upon our view. While our senses constitute the natural and necessary avenues of communication between the outer and the inner world, it sometimes seems that the closing of one or more of these means the increase and the more diligent use of those that are still open. Few things are more profoundly touching or more beautiful than to know the happiness that remains for those whose souls are partially shut in by insurmountable barriers across the natural, pleasant highways into the beautiful world around us.

"The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, brings such thoughts most vividly to mind—the story of the only well-educated deaf and blind person in the world. Every one knows of the little girl who lived until nearly seven years of age conscious of an increasing rebellion of the dawning impulses of a naturally brilliant mind against the impregnable wall of closed senses. Up to this time Helen was like any other child in her condition, willful, selfish, unloving, and quite uncontrolled. Having wise friends, the thought of developing the possibilities of the little girl was put into action, and a teacher, Miss Sullivan, was engaged, by communicating with the director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston.

Probably to both teacher and pupil the process of development seemed slow, but to the reader of the story it seems nothing short of miraculous. Miss Sullivan began to teach the little girl on March 3, 1887. The child did not know a single word; she made herself imperfectly understood by signs, and threatened to destroy all the good of patient teaching by her ungoverned fits of temper. It is marvelous to know that she began to write letters in June, and long before a year had gone she wrote in a delightful, childlike style showing but few limitations, and quite as good as that of most little maids of eight years. The part of the book devoted to Helen Keller's story written by herself is of absorbing interest.

When she was about ten, she determined to learn to speak, inspired by the example of the blind girl in Norway, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught. Miss Fuller, of the Horace Mann School, Boston, undertook the task, which, after much patience, and with the aid of Miss Sullivan's genius, untiring perseverance, and devotion, was accomplished. We quote the words of the happy girl herself, words that must cause every sensitive soul to thrill with sympathy: "When I had made speech my own, I could not wait to go home. At last the happiest of happy moments arrived. I had made my homeward journey, talking constantly to Miss Sullivan, not for the sake of talking, but determined to improve to the last minute. Almost before I knew it the train stopped at Tuscumbia station, and there on the platform stood the whole family. My eyes fill with tears now as I think how my mother pressed me close to her, speechless and trembling with delight, taking in every syllable that I spoke, while little Mildred seized my free hand and kissed it and danced, and my father expressed his pride and affection in a big silence. It was as if Isaiah's prophecy had been fulfilled in me. 'The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'"

Constantly attended by the wise and

[1] *The Story of My Life.* By Helen Keller. With her Letters (1887-1901) and a Supplementary Account of her Education, including Passages from the Reports and Letters of her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. By John Albert Macy Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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loving teacher, Helen "saw," as she says, many wonderful sights. She visited Niagara, and was deeply impressed by its wonders and beauties, of which she says: "I cannot fathom or define their meaning, any more than I can fathom or define love, or religion, or goodness." She spent some weeks at the World's Fair, and by especial permission was allowed to "see" everything with her hands. In those days, she says, she took a long leap from the little child's interest in fairy tales and toys to the appreciation of the real and the earnest in the workday world.

She spent two happy years in New York under instruction of the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf, working on ordinary subjects in addition to vocal culture and lip-reading. She says with unconscious pathos that they did not quite reach their goal in the latter effort. Her whimsical humor shines out thus: "I still regarded arithmetic as a system of pitfalls. I hung about the dangerous frontier of 'guess,' avoiding with infinite trouble the broad valley of reason. When I was not guessing, I was jumping at conclusions, and this fault, in addition to my dullness, aggravated my difficulties more than was right or necessary." The absolutely sweet and sane spirit shown in all her estimate of herself, and her appreciation of others, is marked in one so young and in one who must always attain by overcoming. After much study, all courageously undertaken, Helen was ready for college and passed into Radcliffe. Her frank disappointment in the discrepancy between her ideal of college and the reality is most naïvely confided to us. A hearty echo responds to her sage remark that "one goes to college to learn, it seems, not to think." Wise little college girl, to find that out in her freshman year! She overcame with heroism the tremendous handicap always hindering her, both in class-room and in examination. The simple tale of her trials and success moves the heart and stirs the blood. "Every struggle is a victory. One more effort and I reach the luminous cloud, the blue depths of the sky, the uplands of my desire."

She gives a lively description of her feelings when undergoing examinations: "You are amazed at all the things you know which are not on the examination paper. In desperation you seize the budget and dump everything out, and there in a corner is your man, serenely brooding on his own private thought, unconscious of the catastrophe which he has brought upon you. Just then the proctor informs you that the time is up. With a feeling of intense disgust you kick the mass of rubbish into a corner and go home, your head full of revolutionary schemes to abolish the divine right of professors to ask questions without the consent of the questioned."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," that delight of children, was the first book she read understandingly, and then she was about eight years old.

In her criticism of real literature she shows delicate discrimination and much poetic fancy. "The word-painting of Virgil is wonderful sometimes; but his gods and men move through the scenes of passion and strife and pity and love like the graceful figures in an Elizabethan mask, whereas in the Iliad they give three leaps and go on singing. Virgil is serene and lovely, like a marble Apollo in the moonlight; Homer is a beautiful animated youth in the full sunlight with the wind in his hair."

After her world of books comes her love for her many friends and her true appreciation of nature's beauties. She says, with unusual thoughtfulness: "It seems to me that there is in each of us a capacity to comprehend the impressions and emotions which have been experienced by mankind from the beginning. Each individual has a subconscious memory of the green earth and murmuring waters, and blindness and deafness cannot rob him of this gift from past generations. This inherited capacity is a sort of sixth sense—a soul-sense which sees, hears, feels, all in one."

She says her whole body is alive to the conditions about her, being deprived of the sensations that reach others through the ear and eye. "The grinding of heavy wagons on hard pavements and the monotonous clangor of machinery are all the more torturing to the nerves if one's attention is not diverted by the panorama that is always present in the noisy streets to the people who can see."

Among her intimate friends she numbers Mr. Howells, Dr. Hale, Joseph Jef-

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ferson, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mark Twain, and others as helpful, though less widely known. She met and knew Dr. Holmes, Mr. Warner, and Whittier. Of all these she says most beautifully: "Thus it is that my friends have made the story of my life. In a thousand ways they have turned my limitations into beautiful privileges, and enabled me to walk serene and happy in the shadow cast by my deprivation." Her teacher, who has been her constant companion for sixteen years, is a woman of unusual wisdom and common sense, illuminated by a keen sense of humor, that saves the situation from any tinge of morbid sentiment. This sense of humor Miss Keller shares, and it peeps out constantly in her writing.

While Miss Sullivan disclaims any set method in her teaching, she certainly worked according to a wise plan, as appears clearly in her own letters to her friends. Dr. Howe, though successful in developing Laura Bridgman, was nevertheless groping for a "natural method." Miss Sullivan began where he left off, and worked upon the idea that a deaf child should not be taught each word separately by definition, but should be taught language by endless repetition of language which it does not understand. This system has never before been tried thoroughly in the education of a deaf child.

Another principle which Miss Sullivan adhered to was not to talk to Helen about things distasteful or wearisome to her. Thus her interest was constantly stimulated and all her lessons were a delight. By watching other children, Miss Sullivan learned to treat her pupil as nearly as possible like an ordinary child. As the author of these comments, John Albert Macy, says, "Helen Keller is supposed to have a special aptitude for languages. It is true, rather, that she has a special aptitude for thinking, and her leaning toward language is due to the fact that language to her meant life. It is not a special subject like geography or arithmetic, but her way to outward things."

The peculiar adaptation of the natures and minds of this pupil and teacher to each other has produced the remarkable result that seems almost miraculous to observers. Both unusual in their way, they acted upon each other only with the happiest results. To Miss Sullivan the little girl owed everything; to her intelligence, sagacity, unremitting perseverance, and unbending will was due the rescue of the child from the depths of night and stillness; and the teacher has her reward in her beautiful work. The spirit of both cannot be better indicated than in a sentence written by Helen when she was ten years old, to her dear friend Phillips Brooks: "I used to wish I could see pictures with my hands as I do statues, but now I do not often think about it, because my dear Father has filled my mind with beautiful pictures, even of things I cannot see. If the light were not in your eyes, dear Mr. Brooks, you would understand better how happy your little Helen was when her teacher explained to her that the best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen nor even touched, but just felt in the heart. Every day I find out something which makes me glad."

The Canterbury Pilgrims[1]

THERE is something gallant in the daring which prompted Mr. Mackaye to invade the sacred precincts of the Tabard Inn and lay conscriptive hands on the Pilgrims of Canterbury. Chaucer is so great a figure in English poetry, and his poem so great a classic, that the reader at first holds his breath when he finds a young poet quietly but firmly bringing Chaucer into his pages, and surrounding him with the typical figures of the Canterbury Pilgrims, figures with whom the English-speaking world is far more familiar than with many of its historical personages, and the characteristics and descriptions of whom have passed into the common memory of the English-speaking race.

Mr. Mackaye has, however, justified his boldness by his work. He has defined the quality of Chaucer—the poet with the ample waist; the singer who matched the lark, but who loved the good things of his world; the scholar who found some of his

[1] *The Canterbury Pilgrims: A Comedy.* By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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most congenial companions in the tavern; the earliest poet of the English race and still one of the most representative, who spoke for both sides of the English nature. It is this Chaucer—genial, careless, kindly, humorous, with a touch of the gross in him but with the divine instinct of the poet always asserting itself—who appears in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," realized with remarkable distinctness and interpreted with a human tenderness which is far more persuasive than the finest literary skill would have been. With what genuine feeling Mr. Mackaye has read his Chaucer, and with what delicate insight he interprets him, are evidenced by such passages as these:

A hug!
Spring makes us youths together. On such a day
Old age is fuddled and time's weights run down.
Hark!
[*A cuckoo sounds; they listen*]
The meadow is the cuckoo's clock, and strikes
The hour at every minute; larks run up
And ring its golden chimes against the sun.

And is there not a touch of the immortal freshness of the earliest English verse, in its simplicity, its spontaneity, its beautiful companionship with nature, in these lines:

How silver falls the night!
The hills lie down like sheep; the young frog flutes;
The yellow-ammer, from his coppice, pipes
Drowsy rehearsals of his matin-song;
The latest swallow dips behind the stack,
What beauty dreams in silence! The white stars,
Like folded daisies in a summer field,
Sleep in their dew, and by yon primrose gap
In darkness' hedge, St. Ruth hath dropped her sickle.

Mr. Mackaye's "Chaucer" is best described by the poet himself:

Not so, lad.
To live a king with kings, a clod with clods,
To be at heart a bird of every feather,
A fellow of the finch as well as the lark,
The equal of each, brother of every man:
That is to be a poet, and to blow
Apollo's pipe with every breath you breathe.
Therefore, sweet boy, don't label me again
In this good company.

This play is not without its difficulties. It is perhaps overcrowded with characters; so many persons are moving before the eye that it is somewhat difficult to keep their various parts distinct and to keep them in close touch with the plot. The plot itself is very skillfully devised, and, barring the difficulties of dealing with so many persons, successfully carried out. Whether it is justified by the suggestions of Chaucer's poem will be questioned by a good many readers; but the breadth of humor and the moral tolerance of the Wife of Bath are such that almost anything could be introduced within her sphere without violating the consistency of the character. Mr. Mackaye has taken the broadest liberties with his theme; that is one reason why he has succeeded; the slightest timidity would have been fatal to the enterprise. His success along certain large lines is so marked that when one recollects that this is a piece of apprentice work, he not only rejoices in the actual achievement, but still more in the extraordinary promise.

Religion as Interpreted by Three Artists[1]

WE are glad to note that the author of the latest biography of Botticelli emphasizes that painter's tendency to typify; for the critic cannot help suspecting that most of Botticelli's figures are merely personifications of ideas, moods, and emotions. We must believe that to this notable artist the body seemed but the manifestation of the soul. Hence it was easy for him to divorce himself from an admiration of physical strength or masculine vigor as such. His ideal of beauty and grace became feminine, excessively slender, attenuated. He eschewed all subjects which required representation of bodily exertion; but, on the other hand, as a painter of mere movement of figures through the air, a movement apparently requiring no bodily exertion, he was rarely if ever equaled. It is true that his figures are generally too slim for their height, but it is also true that, despite patent inaccuracies in drawing, one rarely finds a really ugly line on a Botticelli canvas. While

[1] *The Old and New Renaissance.* By Edwin Wiley. Bigham & Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
Botticelli. By A. Streeter. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Albrecht Dürer. By Lena Eckenstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Rembrandt. By Malcolm Bell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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the art of Botticelli is delicate as has been that of few painters, yet he could be a realist too, if he chose, as witness the Sistine frescoes. Here Mr. Streeter's volume is specially valuable, as was Mr. Douglas's recently published biography of Fra Angelico. These books call the attention of men away from the popular easel pictures by Fra Angelico and Botticelli in Florence, Paris, and London to the less-known frescoes in the Vatican—frescoes which reveal an art both virile and vital to a hitherto unsuspected degree. Lastly, the latest biography of Botticelli is of peculiar interest, if for no other reason than that his works are placed in a new chronological order. Classification according to period is certainly a more scientific and critical method than classification according to subject—a method followed by too many biographers of artists, who treat the various canvases under the captions of religious works, allegorical works, historical works, and portraits. In his relation to the first caption, Botticelli is apparently to our author, as indeed to most observers, of most importance. He was, in truth, an exponent of what Symonds was wont to call "the double mind of the Renaissance," a mind both Christian and Hellenic. Even the tyro in art may observe in the Botticelli pictures the opposing ideals of Christian sanctity and pagan culture, and queries, "Does not this artist miss the full significance of both?" In those pictures, however, painted under Savonarola's influence, Botticelli did rise to a wonderfully affecting expression of Christian faith and sentiment, while in every picture he handled Christian themes with a caressing tenderness of touch well-nigh unique in the whole domain of art. He is, as Mr. Wiley claims, almost the only painter of Scripture scenes who gives to us a Greek simplicity, a Gothic fervor and sometimes grandeur, together with a truly Renaissance-like illumination. In this last element he was the painter of joy, as witness his many "Adorations of the Magi" and Madonnas, themes which he loved to dwell on. To him the joyful Incarnation was the all-important subject for illustration—not the gloomy Passion and Crucifixion. He was the representative painter of the sacred scenes in the Christ story as preached by St. Francis of Assisi.

A century later and we stand in Germany, "the last country in which the Renaissance came to flower, and the first in which it faded to nothingness." One reason for this was the German absorption in something even more important than the Renaissance—the Reformation. As we study his pictures it seems sometimes as if Botticelli would not or could not bring himself face to face with life, death, sin, and pain—questions the meaning of which he did not seek to fathom. On the other hand, the enthusiasm and the *abandon* characteristic of Botticelli, and favorable to the fullest development of the Renaissance, were wholly foreign to the nature of Albrecht Dürer. His slowness and dignity, says Mr. Wiley, were an inheritance from long lines of ancestors who had lived and fought beneath the misty canopy which hung over the Elbe and the North Sea.

> So long had those forefathers struggled with bitter winds and still more bitter foes of beast and man; so long had they coaxed with infinite pains their tiny crops from an ungrateful soil; so long had they gazed at the specter of death in all its grisly shapes of terror, that at last the quality of gloom and earnestness had been imbued into the Teutonic nation. This high seriousness is perhaps the most characteristic and persistent trait of the Teutonic race, and one quite beyond the experience or comprehension of the Latin mind. So, when the awakening came to Germany . . . something else was aroused than arts or letters. . . . The Reformation was, nevertheless, part and parcel of the Renaissance impulse. . . . The Renaissance emancipated the mind of Europe; the Reformation gave freedom to the soul.

Albrecht Dürer was the first great interpreter of Bible scenes during Reformation times. His religious views were influenced by the Reformation; perhaps for this reason, during his later years, he represented saints and apostles without halos or any indication of their superior holiness. While Mr. Wiley and Mrs. Eckenstein—the two latest Dürer critics—are careful to make mention of the influence of Mantegna on the German artist, although not at such length as many would welcome, what is of more importance, both critics bring out the fact that Dürer gave vital aid to the Reformation. Alexander VI. had just issued a bull, directed principally against the Germans, anathematizing the publication of unauthorized books, but he was ignorant of a new influence in Germany already

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undermining his own—the art of wood-engraving. The art of drawing *per se*, Dürer's latest biographer reminds us, has its votaries especially on this side of the Alps. "In the South, nature speaks through the medium of color. In the North, the contrasts of light and dark strike the eye and engage the hand." During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the art of engraving on wood served in Germany not only as a means of spreading abroad the lessons taught by religion, it also "afforded the possibility of reproving those who tyrannized and oppressed the folk." These facts gave to the art an importance, and, indeed, raised it to a dignity, which it never again attained. Contemporary rivals in painting might outstrip Dürer, but in engraving on wood and especially on copper he was unexcelled; indeed, he brought the art of engraving to such a height that Vasari justly called him "the inventor of a new and noble system of thought." This system became an educative influence of distinct and notable importance: "in Italy only the palaces and great churches had paintings and works of sculpture; but in Germany, through Dürer's achievements, every home had its engraving, generally of some religious subject, emphasizing Protestant rather than Roman Catholic Christianity, and becoming a perennial sermon, especially to the Hausfrau and to her children."

After all, Dürer was a true child of the Renaissance. In his love for the real he had the comradeship of the whole group of the Renaissance artists; but Mr. Wiley actually claims that in his devotion to nature in her every mood he had but one rival—Leonardo! Mr. Wiley even declares Dürer's knowledge of nature to have been truer and sincerer than Leonardo's; the Italian artist never gave as much attention to the setting of the picture as to its main theme; the contrary was true of Dürer. Finally, both critics dwell with emphasis upon Dürer's realism—a realism so intense that the German's work fails to approximate ideal beauty; it gives instead "the harshness and ruggedness of the German life of his day; its lack of grace and loveliness was revealed in his art." This is not altogether surprising, for, as Mr. Wiley has so impressively pointed out in his distinction between the German and the Italian Renaissance, the ever-present idea of death was something from which not only the German but still more the mediæval man could not escape, as did the man of the Renaissance. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there had been more plagues, wars, dangers from sun, beast, and the elements than in the later time, as the early "Death Dances" show. The spirit which created these was emancipated in Flanders and Germany by two men—Hans Memling and Albrecht Dürer. Their pictures have well been called "the books of the illiterate."

But a greater post-Renaissance light was to appear in the North as a painter and etcher of Scriptural scenes. Ten years ago M. Michel marshaled carefully and critically the facts of Rembrandt's life and work and set them down in an ample biography which has justly become a standard book of reference. Mr. Malcolm Bell attempts to do this popularly and in small compass; also including the latest information concerning the great artist about whom too much still remains unrevealed. The homely truthfulness of the Dutch art of Rembrandt's time occasionally resulted in details which offend the taste of our own age; but the art was nevertheless well adapted to set forth the humanizing side of the Scripture incidents. Whether by pen or brush, Rembrandt's illustrations of our Lord always showed Him to be more the Son of Man than the God Incarnate. As Mr. Bell points out, Rembrandt's Virgin Mary has none of the delicate beauty conceived for her by the Italian painters; she is, instead, and beyond all, the type of Motherhood. Again, Rembrandt's Apostles have none of the heroic dignity of Michelangelo's, for instance; yet they are, without question, devout, devoted fishers of men. Now, this lack of the Botticelli wish and power to idealize, this persistence in search of the truth, and in a certain willful neglect of the beautiful, unites Dürer with Rembrandt. The latter seems to us the greatest of all Bible illustrators, not only in variety of subjects and in realism of technique, but also because of a particularly truthful interpretation of the Bible. As has been well said, "In his interpretation of the Scriptures he did not seek to give dignity by a factitious

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magnificence or by elevating personages above their social rank, but by inspiring respect for them and interest in them *as they were*." Take those in one gallery alone—for example, that of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Rembrandt there illustrates for us in separate achievements "Abraham Receiving the Angels," "The Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Sons of Jacob Showing Him Joseph's Coat," "Joseph Accused by Potiphar's Wife," "The Disgrace of Haman," "The Reconciliation of David and Absalom," "Hannah Teaching the Infant Samuel to Read," "The Holy Family," "The Parable of the Master of the Vineyard," "The Parable of the Prodigal Son," "The Incredulity of Thomas," "The Descent from the Cross." All these are treated with a frankness, breadth, vigor, above all, with an apparently arbitrary chiaroscuro, marvelously conducive to its purpose of Scripture illustration.

A Life of James Martineau[1]

IT is not to be doubted that this is to be regarded as the official biography of James Martineau. It shows abundant evidence of careful study of Dr. Martineau's writings, and careful inquiry into the more notable events in his uneventful life. It is painstaking, and characterized by every appearance of scientific accuracy of detail. It possesses also a great number of Dr. Martineau's letters, which throw light on his published writings and still more on his personal character. But the biographer's narrative possesses neither imagination nor feeling. It is simply "Annals," in which incident and event follow each other in a chronological order, with little or no attempt by the historian to indicate any vital nexus, any process of development, any philosophical significance, or any spiritual meaning. This lack of literary quality is the more evident because everything that Dr. Martineau himself wrote is so distinctly literary. His letters are not less perfect in form than his more carefully studied essays. And this beauty is more than in expression; it is in a certain indescribable delicacy of thought suffused with an equally indescribable refinement of feeling. Refinement is, indeed, the one word we should choose to characterize Dr. Martineau. It distinguishes his face, his thought, his spiritual experience, his form of expression. His excellence is his defect. He is not a suggestive writer. He is not suggestive because he throws out no seed-thoughts. Everything is perfect. One can never safely quote Dr. Martineau unless he does so in Dr. Martineau's own words. If he makes the attempt, he is liable to misquote him, or at least to be accused of misquoting him.

An amusing illustration of this truth is furnished in this biography. Dr. Allon was one of the ablest and most scholarly preachers in Great Britain; broad in his intellectual culture, catholic in his sympathies. No one who knew him would ever think of accusing him of being either narrow or unintelligent. But he was not of Dr. Martineau's school. He believed in a dogmatic basis for Church union, Dr. Martineau did not; he believed in the Messianic claim of Jesus Christ, Dr. Martineau rejoiced in "the disappearance from our faith of the entire Messianic mythology." Dr. Allon ventured to animadvert on "some of Dr. Martineau's supposed positions." His biographer naïvely says, what we do not believe Dr. Martineau would ever have said, that "Dr. Martineau, though reluctant to engage in any controversy, thought it necessary to bring his meaning down to Dr. Allon's level, and published an 'Appendix' to the Addresses, in which he endeavored to make his meaning plain." The truth is, Dr. Martineau did not always make his meaning plain. He himself recognized the failure, and regretted it. This was not for want of lucidity in style; it was because he was essentially a mystic, and dealt with themes which transcend exact definition. He criticises John Henry Newman because John Henry Newman lacks "immediateness of religious vision." Dr. Martineau is always trying to give expression to his own "immediateness of religious vision;" and it never can be exactly expressed.

[1] *Life and Letters of James Martineau, LL.D., S.T.D.* By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. And a Survey of His Philosophical Work. By C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. (With Portraits.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In 2 vols.

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Very early in life the boy showed indications of that independence of thought and individualism of judgment which characterized the man throughout life. His mother found him one Sunday afternoon reading the Bible in Isaiah. She expressed some surprise that he was reading in that particular book, and when he assured her that he had read the Bible through to that point since chapel, and she rebuked him for telling what to her it was quite evident could not be true, he replied, with charming innocence of any irreverence, "Skipping the nonsense, you know, Mamma." It is hardly possible to realize that as a student he was specially fond of mathematics, and still more difficult to understand and accept the statement that a little later in life he expected to be an engineer, "for which he had a distinct aptitude." It is difficult to think of James Martineau as an engineer, or indeed as anything but a teacher of philosophy and religion. His absolute devotion to truth, as he perceives it, was early tested and demonstrated. At the age of twenty-six he refused to accept for his church in Ireland aid from the State, because he believed in the entire separation of State and Church; and rather than compromise on this issue he resigned his pastorate, and went out, not knowing whither he went or on what he could depend for a livelihood for himself and his young wife. This uncompromising honesty remained a distinguishing characteristic throughout life. His confidence in his own perceptions of right and wrong was never weakened because his friends did not share his convictions with him, as frequently they did not. That his vision did not agree with theirs never disturbed him in the least, and never, apparently, raised a question in his mind whether their vision might not be correct and his vision need correction. He never endeavored, and apparently never desired, to enforce his conscience on others; but he followed it absolutely and unhesitatingly himself.

This uncompromising honesty was so clear, so unhesitating, and his loyalty to the voice within so unquestioning that it never occurred to him that others could fail to understand it. His sister and his sister's friend united in writing a book. The book is now known in literature only because Dr. Martineau wrote a review of it. It was his official function so to do, and he would not shirk his duty. In the review he was apparently courteous, as he always was. He did not violate the proprieties of journalism or go beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism. But he dissected the book mercilessly, though making some attempt to shield his sister. The result of his critique on her friend, whom for the nonce she regarded with a curious veneration as a sort of master, so offended her that she broke off all intercourse with her offending brother, and steadily rejected all attempts on his part to pacify her feminine temper and secure a reconciliation. In somewhat similar spirit he, at a later period of his life, successfully resisted the appointment of a certain candidate to a professorship in the college in which he was himself a professor, for reasons which appeared to his conscience quite satisfactory; his own son was shortly afterward appointed to the vacant chair, and Dr. Martineau was entirely surprised that the motives of his own opposition to the unsuccessful candidate should be suspected by any one. The suspicions were indeed quite unfounded, but, considering the provocation for them, it must be regarded as a remarkable testimony to his character that they got so little circulation and so speedily died away.

This uncompromising adherence to his own conscience, partly the cause, partly the effect, of his faith in his own "immediateness of religious vision," was at once his strength and his weakness. As a cause of it he belonged to no party. He could not belong to the Established Church, because he did not believe in the union of Church and State, and because there were portions of its liturgy which he could not accept and therefore would not use; yet he wished to "nationalize" the Church and make it broad enough to include all devout souls. He could not belong to the Presbyterian or the Congregational Churches, because they are built on a doctrinal foundation, and to their doctrinal foundation, or parts of it, he had philosophical objections. In philosophy he was a Unitarian; in some respects he was more radical than the English Unitarians, in other respects more conservative; but throughout his

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life he protested against a Unitarian creed or even the title Unitarian as attached to a church, for he wished the Church to be broad enough to embrace men of widely different creeds. In his declining years he says frankly that he sees more hope for the religious future of Great Britain in the Congregational churches of England and the Presbyterian churches of Scotland than in those which are called Unitarian.

We have heretofore expressed our admiration for James Martineau as a religious and philosophical thinker. In our judgment, no man did more than he to counteract the tendency of half a century ago toward materialism in philosophy and formalism in religion. We are glad to have so full an account of his external life and so large a reflection of his inner life in his personal letters as these volumes afford. But we regret that the material had not fallen into the hands of some one who possessed a larger portion of Dr. Martineau's spirit—his catholicity of faith, his philosophical perceptions, his spiritual imagination, and his tenderness of feeling; some one both spiritually akin to Martineau and familiar with the intellectual and religious conditions of Great Britain in the nineteenth century, and so able to make the life and the times of the poet-prophet of that century mutually interpret each other.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

About Money: Talks to Children. By Perry Wayland Sinks. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

With the exception of a few phrases here and there, no one would think that this book is for children except for the statement of its title-page. It is sound enough in its teaching, but lacks the strength and vividness needed especially at the present time, and deals too much in generalities to arrest attention or leave a lasting impression.

Adventures of Harry Revel (The). By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 346 pages. $1.50.

The early part of this tale of Cornwall in the first years of the last century has notable literary charm and grace, while the latter part abounds in plot interest—stirring and exciting events follow one another, indeed, almost too quickly in these latter chapters to make the construction and proportion quite artistic. Mr. Quiller-Couch's work as a fiction-writer is always sound and strong, and the reader here rejoices particularly in the narrative of the little orphan boy hero. For once in fiction an orphan is treated kindly in an orphanage and also, as a rule, by the people into whose hands he falls—a happy variation of the "Oliver Twist" theme. But fate throws him into strange and exciting adventures with smugglers, sailors (there are some delightful coasting sailor-people in the story), murderers, and queer fish generally. These adventures make a lively and pleasing tale.

Alaska Frontier (The). By Thomas Willing Balch. Illustrated. Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia. 7×11 in. 198 pages.

This timely volume states concisely but luminously the title of the United States to a continuous strip of territory on the Northwest American continental shore between Mount St. Elias and 54° 40′ north latitude. As is well known, Canada now claims a considerable slice of our territory of Alaska; this would imply the possession by the Canadian Government of substantial facts upon which to base its claim. That the facts so far put forth in support of the Canadian contentions are alleged, not proved, has not prevented many, perhaps most, Canadians from believing that their claim has a sound foundation. In his excellent monograph Mr. Balch sets forth some important and vital facts omitted by those who have argued in favor of the Canadian demands. Perhaps his most pertinent query is the following: "Why has no Canadian considered chart 787 of the British Admiralty, which in 1901 (three years after the assembling of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission at Quebec, which marks the formal claim of the Canadian Government) shows the frontier so as to give to the United States its continuous, unbroken strip of territory?" Mr. Balch has collected his facts and evidence, not only in Alaska, but also in St. Petersburg and other European capitals. His work is of signal value as being a painstaking and emphatic refutation of the Canadian claim.

Beginning German: A Series of Lessons with an Abstract of Grammar. By H. C. Bierwirth, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 214 pages. 80c.

This brief manual seems likely to prove a useful book.

Better Way (The). By Charles Wagner. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 265 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

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Book of the Country and the Garden (A). By H. M. Batson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 320 pages. $3, net.

In a pleasant, leisurely manner the author sets forth her experiences in rural life in England, giving most attention to hours passed in her garden. The twelve chapters bear each the name of a month, and tell the appropriate thing to be done in that month with seeds and plants in greenhouse or outdoors. The book begins with "March" and ends with "February," so that there are budding things and promise and hope at each end. Everything that ought to be in a garden is in this one—flowers, and birds, and nests with little ones in them, children and lovers, an entertaining gardener and gardener's boy. Even books about gardens are not left out of this pleasaunce. In its quiet humor and pleasant calm and fine sympathy with nature lies the restful and wholesome charm that belongs by right to a garden book.

Broader Elementary Education (A). By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., LL.D. Hinds & Noble, New York City. 5×7½ in. 304 pages.

Rational, enlightening, stimulating. The idea of a liberal education, confined in current opinion to the higher schools, Dr. Gordy contends should pervade the elementary and the secondary schools also. He has no toleration for the bread-and-butter idea of education. To live a rational life is the only worthy end that a school of any grade, even the lowest, can rightly propose for its pupils; and this includes knowledge, discipline, a true estimate of the values of things, and an effective will. These a liberal education must cultivate for the three-fourths whom it is not desirable to put through college, as well as for the more competent few. The current system in our lower schools emphasizes memory; it should make man and nature the central objects of study. Dr. Gordy's fundamental maxim is that the greatest good of all is through the highest development of each that his endowments permit. The most important problem of school administration is to facilitate the advancement of the most competent pupils. Various details are discussed—the educational value of the several branches of study, the curriculum of different grades, school management, etc. The main stress, however, is more strongly laid than in other works on this subject upon fundamental principles. This seems to be just now the one thing needful—a higher general ideal is the main requisite for a genuine liberalizing of education, whether in the primary school or the college. This is the thing which Dr. Gordy's book has undertaken to promote.

Cap'n Simeon's Store. By George S. Wasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1.50.

Capital in character-sketching, quaint in dialect, rich in humor. In Cap'n Simeon's store, somewhere down Gloucester way (the frontispiece presents the store and its grizzled habitués realistically), sit and yarn ancient seacaptains of a distinct type but of equally distinct individuality. The old-time "works" of witchcraft done with bridles and charms still find full credence with these sea-worn veterans, and almost equally strange happenings of fishing-boats, with the more ordinary tragedies and comedies of the fisherman's life, make up the varied narratives. The book records and makes permanent by the art of fiction a phase of American life and character which has now almost disappeared.

Complete Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 672 pages. $2.

The latest addition to the admirable one-volume reprints of standard poets in the Cambridge Edition. This volume includes all of Pope's poetic works in an approximately chronological order. It presents Pope's own notes, except in the case of certain comments on "The Dunciad" which were so long or so trifling that it seemed wise to omit them. The text is based on the Crocker-Elwin-Courthope edition, and the edition is supplied with the usual introductory biographical sketch, notes, and a very complete index.

Earthly Discords, and How to Heal Them. By Malcomb James McLeod. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. 75c., net.

This is a strong and incisive book. Ethically as well as religiously it is keen and earnest. It deals with sins rather than with sin, and with some, not all, of the sins most flagrant in society. The style is that of good editorial paragraphs, crisp and terse, and it abounds in illustrative anecdote and quotation. Some of these anecdotes are rather surprising, like some in the newspapers.

Educational Conquest of the Far East (The). By Robert E. Lewis, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 248 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fifty Songs. By Robert Franz. Edited by William Foster Apthorp. (The Musicians' Library.) Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12½ in. 138 pages. $2.25.

A discriminating selection of songs by one of the greatest song writers, with a critical introduction by one of the most competent of American musical critics. Reserved for later notice.

Fight for the City (A). By Alfred Hodder. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 246 pages.

We speak of Mr. Hodder's book in another column.

Flower Beautiful (The). By Clarence Moores Weed. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9½ in. 138 pages. $2.50, net.

A presentation, with abundant illustrations, of the decorative use of flowers for securing artistic effects in the house. This delicate art, of which the Japanese are such masters, is very little understood in this country, where flowers are often used in such a way as to overpower instead of to please, and with such profusion as to conceal their beauty instead of revealing it. It is Mr. Weed's hope to bring about a more artistic and tasteful use of flowers for interior decoration; and under such title-heads as "The Relation of Flowers to One Another," "The Relation of Flowers to the Receptacle," "Relation of the Position to the Environment," with chapters on vases, jars, and other receptacles, he states the principles of what will be, for most of his readers, a new

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art. The book is well made and interestingly illustrated.

Internal Improvements in North Carolina Previous to 1860. By Charles Clinton Weaver. (Johns Hopkins University Studies, Historical and Political Science.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9½ in. 95 pages. 50c.

Joyful Life (The). By Margaret E. Sangster. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 218 pages. $1.

"Each chapter of this book," in the author's words, "is a simple and friendly talk on some theme of homely interest, and the aim has been to suggest something helpful in each as to life and conduct." It is an argument for courage, cheerfulness, hopefulness, serenity in domestic, business, social, and spiritual life.

Life and Destiny; or, Thoughts from the Ethical Lectures of Felix Adler. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 141 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 271 pages.

A new edition of these very characteristic papers, identical in form with the volumes of "Essays" and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," bearing the same imprint.

Middle-Aged Love Stories. By Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7¾ in. 290 pages. $1.25.

Miss Daskam's originality, cleverness, and wit are again made evident in this volume of short stories, held together by a slender thread of common applicability. "The Valley of the Shadow," "A Philanthropist," and two or three other of these light and readable tales will compare well with the author's best work.

Misérables (Les). By Victor Hugo. Edited by O. B. Super. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 349 pages.

New Portrait of Shakespeare (A): The Case of the Ely Palace Painting as Against That of the So-called Droeshout Original. By John Corbin. John Lane, New York. 6×8 in. 95 pages.

Place of Industries in Elementary Education (The). By Katharine Elizabeth Dopp. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 208 pages.

This is technical reading, yet the mother no less than the kindergartner and the grammar-school teacher should find the volume helpful. The theory that each child in its development to maturity passes through all the stages of race evolution is foundation for the argument that the plays and industries of childhood should be graded and guided accordingly. Whether this theory—accepted by most educators of the day—is affirmed or denied by the reader, he or she will appreciate the suggestions in regard to the intelligent direction of childish energy into appropriate amusement and occupation.

Popular Handbook of the Birds of the United States and Canada. By Thomas Nuttall. New Revised and Annotated Edition by Montague Chamberlain. Illustrated in Color. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 431 pages. $3.

The standing of this book as a popular work on American ornithology is unquestioned. The present edition is the first to be put forth in one volume. It has been revised and annotated by Mr. Montague Chamberlain, and contains over a hundred color illustrations, showing five hundred or more birds in their native hues. The rendering of the colors is more satisfactory than in any nature-book we have seen of late.

Republics Versus Woman. By Mrs. Woolsey. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 179 pages.

Contrasting the position of woman in aristocracies with that which she occupies in democracies, Mrs. Woolsey holds that all advantages are with the former. A woman may be the ruler of a monarchy, but never of a republic. Russia, she states, was the first government in Christian Europe to grant wives the right individually to hold and control property, the first government to grant political recognition to women; women there "have held for centuries the privilege of voting direct or by proxy, and wives have been mistresses of their own fortunes." Giving figures and specific data, she carries on the comparison between the attitude of republics and monarchies towards women—sometimes with a warmth of feeling which impairs the effect of her testimony. The book has, in a condensed form, a great deal of information upon a subject of intense interest to many people.

Rôle of Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants (The). By Burton Edward Livingston. (The Decennial Publications. Second Series. Vol. VIII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 149 pages.

Rose of Normandy (A). By William R. A. Wilson. Illustrated, Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 378 pages. $1.50.

This is a stirring story of the times when Canada was "New France" and when Louis XIV. sent the Sieur de la Salle and his lieutenant, Henri de Tonti, on that voyage of exploration which proved to be one of the most remarkable in the world's history, and resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi and the planting of the French standard on the soil of Louisiana. Louis's gay court, Quebec, and the virgin forests of the New World furnish a varied setting for the love story of Tonti and Renée, the "Rose of Normandy."

Stirrup Cup (The). By J. Aubrey Tyson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1.25.

The wooing of Theodosia Prevost by Aaron Burr is the central theme of this novelette. The wooing was daring, the lady lovely and noble, the time that of the American Revolution. Distinguished enemies of her country surrounded Madame, among them Sir Edward Moreton and Major André; Benedict Arnold's sweetheart was her guest. General Washington concerned himself with her affairs. Altogether Mr. Tyson keeps us in excellent company and entertains us well. Incidentally it may be mentioned that he reinforces Mr. Todd's recent efforts to reverse or modify judgments that his contemporaries pronounced against Burr.

Story of an East Side Family (The). By Lillian W. Betts. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50.

We speak of this book elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

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Teaching of English in the Elementary and the Secondary School (The). By George R. Carpenter, A.B., and Franklin T. Baker, A.M., and Fred N. Scott, Ph.D. (American Teachers' Series.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 380 pages. $1.50.

Not till the last quarter of the nineteenth century did the teaching of English begin to be properly provided for in American schools, and we can hardly be said to have advanced more than half-way to a realization of the purpose. As contributory to the end in view the problems raised by past discussion are here succinctly stated, and the views at present held by those whose judgment is entitled to respect are summarized. Experienced teachers will find this volume useful for reference; to the inexperienced it will be a helpful guide and mentor. To the latter, especially, the chapters on "The Teacher and his Training" will be serviceable. A very valuable feature of the work is presented in its copious bibliographies.

Text-Book of Organic Chemistry (A). By William A. Noyes. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 534 pages. $1.50.

A vast field is included in this treatise, offering opportunity for students to specialize variously therein with advantage.

Thyra Varrick. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 343 pages.

Scotland in 1745, when she "wanted her own King Charlie and no Union with England," is the scene of this story. One feels that the heroine is ill drawn. Her deceit and trickery in the first part of the book prejudice the reader against her, and one is prone to think that Sara MacArgall would have made a more satisfying heroine and the mate worthy of Robert Thorson. Maran Flett, trickster too, comes out happily wedded to the man whose humiliation she plotted. The friendship between Thyra and little Lord Donald, and the development of her character through love and service to the child, make pretty chapters, after which Thyra is nobler and sweeter than it seems possible such a trickster could become. Local color and the temper and customs of the people and the times are given with the charm that might be expected of Mrs. Barr's pen, which is always graphic and graceful in such particulars.

Trees, Shrubs, and Vines of the Northeastern United States. By H. E. Parkhurst. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 451 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume describes very fully, for purposes of identification by the unscientific reader, the native trees, shrubs, and vines of this part of the country, treating with special fullness the principal foreign hardy trees, shrubs, and vines found in Central Park in this city.

True Estimate of Life and How to Live (The). By G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 240 pages. 80c., net.

Practical and vital sermons by one who is strongly spiritual and well acquainted with common human nature. His work illustrates the fact that qualities often considered mutually contradictory may be possessed by one mind and expressed in a fine way—a strongly evangelical spirit, a conservative though not reactionary view of the Bible, and a broad and rational view of life.

Twenty Original Piano Compositions. By Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. (The Musicians' Library.) Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12½ in. 147 pages. Paper bound. $1.25.

The music of Franz Liszt, brilliant, sentimental, bizarre, theatrical, and essentially sensational, is, and for some time will continue to be, the subject of discussion that often waxes violent. As an artist Liszt was recalcitrant. He was out of patience with the conventional. He tried to be revolutionary. No musical composer has had more zealous partisans; none has had severer critics. Liszt himself was a good deal of an animal—though he was a generous animal; and the materialism that seemed to dominate his nature shows not only in his music, but also in the theories of music which he deliberately attempted to promulgate. This volume furnishes very good material from which a conception of his piano compositions may be formed. Mr. Spanuth, the editor, in his introduction has wisely avoided expressions of blind adulation, and has succeeded in putting the case for Liszt as strongly as it could readily be put in the space.

Un Beau Mariage: Comédie en Quatre Actes. By Émile Augier et Édouard Foussier. Edited by Stuart Symington, Ph.D., Louis R. Herrick, B.S., and Louis E. Cadieux. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 133 pages. 35c.

Water-Fowl Family (The). By L. C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop and T. S. Van Dyke. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 598 pages. $2, net.

There is a well-considered combination of sportsmen's information and scientific data in this volume; and in this it is like the other volumes of this American Sportsman's Library, which is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney. The chapters on the shooting of ducks, geese, rail and shore birds, written by Mr. Sanford, are supplemented by chapters on the Pacific coast water-fowl by Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, and there are condensed diagnoses of families and genera. We may note again the handsome type-page of these volumes, the charming cover design, and the pains evidently taken in the illustrations.

With the Trees. By Maud Going. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 335 pages. $1, net.

An attractive and comprehensive volume with a good claim to popular favor in these days of enthusiastic nature-study. It is a handbook one would be pleased to take along in a woodland ramble, the better to understand the things one sees. Educators may find it useful; and it is not too technical to interest the school boy or girl who wants to know about trees. To botanical descriptions are added some account of forest folk-lore and superstitions, statements of the uses and values of trees and of the parts birds, bees, and various four-footed creatures play in nature's economics. The "spirit of the woods and the poetry of green places" are not lost in the telling of facts.

Works of Shakespeare: Cymbeline. Edited by Edward Dowden. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6×8¾ in. 212 pages.

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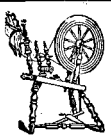

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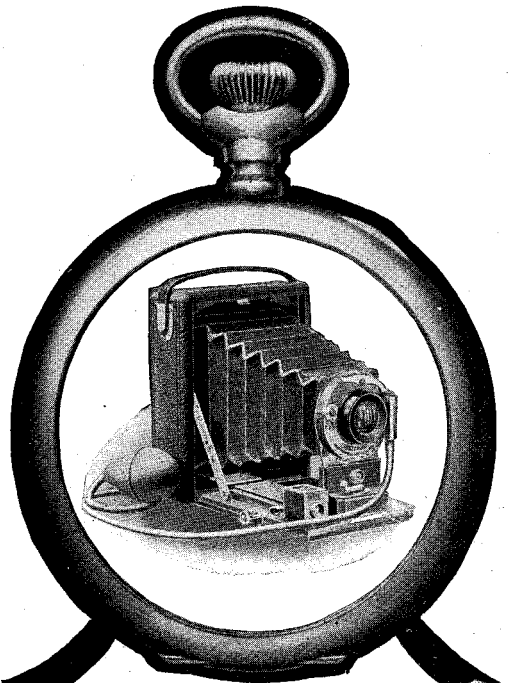

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